

# THE CONNOISSEUR.

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## SELF-APPRECIATION IN ART.

A CELEBRATED living actor, referring to a supposed difference between the artist (meaning the painter or sculptor) and the actor, asserted that, "He (the artist,) has before him his own work, can examine it at his ease, and judge of it like another man: while the poor actor can only do his best and hope that he is right." At first hearing, there seems to be some glimmering of truth in this distinction; but more exactness of observation, more severity of enquiry, will teach us that it is erroneous: a very speciously clothed supposition, drawn from an unexamined theory, which intimate acquaintance with the detail of artistic labour and unreserved converse with its workers has had no share in producing. We do not believe the artist painter, looking on his picture, has advantages in capacity of judging of its merits and defects beyond the ability of the actor, in his own consciousness, to measure the degree in which his conception has been executed during performance. The high capacity for judging is a *sine qua non* for greatness in either, and it is an enduring task to satisfy the extreme demands of such capacity; but when the judgment ceases to exact, when its demands have been approached in their fulfilment, at a certain point of developed power, the production is the representative of the individual's present self in each, in which the painter can no more perceive peculiarity in the observation of his own picture than can the actor in the sound of his own voice or the mannerism of his gait or attitude. It is in each case made up of the then existing prejudice of thought; it is the amount of his knowledge produced: it cannot astonish him; neither can it shock him much. Had his capacity for judging been greater, had it been equal to a yet further advance, the finished thing presented would have been different. Perception of wrong, either in an actor or an artist, is a prologue to alteration, though not necessarily to amendment; as suspicion of error does not surely announce a clear perception of what should be; neither does distinct view of truth, of consequence, guarantee the physical ability for sufficient execution to produce it. Thus may high capacity for artistic excellence reside in the painter of a bad picture; the only positive evidence of hopeless mediocrity being much self-laudation for a mean performance.

We have been provoked to enter more largely into this subject by the bitter complainings that have inevitably succeeded each of the Cartoon competitions: on every recurring occasion those candidates among the least likely to win have shown themselves the most aggrieved by the award. We have ourselves been exposed to much of vituperation for having given opinions plainly, and, mayhap, something bluntly, on these specimens. Now so little pretension do we put forth for setting up individuality of notion on such matters, that we are quite willing to take the judgment of the competing artists in the Art Union Cartoon exhibition, and go through the whole, picture by picture, without a shade of doubt that what we have said of their merits and deficiencies

would be substantially supported by the general verdict. Let each artist be mute as to the merits of his individual work, and the amount of general opinion shall be the echo to our own.

To account for the inability of an artist for justly estimating his own position, requires reference to some of the requisites with which he must be endowed. A perception of pictorial fitness is a quality that must have some germ of pre-existence, in degree, in the individual, as being a disposition of the mind that has suggested the devotion of his energies to the profession: to this must be added physical capacity to execute, combining, in variety of proportion, perfectness of perception as to form and colour, and steadiness or control of hand;—endowments distributed by nature far more niggardly than is generally considered—and, thirdly, acquired mental knowing, made up of observed experience, memory of failure, and comparison of results, classified into axioms by the satisfied research; all faculties varying in degrees of fitness, and producing in the individual proportionate elevation of the *beau idéal*; and acuteness of perception of difference in the thing done from an ever-present standard of—as yet—unattained excellence, existing in the mind's eye. These requisites—residing as they do, in every individual, in every variety of proportion,—an artist's capacity for appreciating justly his own doing is in accordance with the proportions of compared amount between the third quality and the other two. If the executed perception of pictorial fitness has already satisfied the *beau idéal*,—that is, if the artist has produced fully his imaginings—his power of appreciation is negated. The thing done being the exact thing he wished to do, judgment and execution have become identical, and one can have no farther assistance from the other. Execution, left to itself, unelevated by loftiness of intention, sinks into mannerism; uninspired by effort, its productions are no longer indications of thought, but mechanical repetitions of routine. While the great teacher, Judgment, goes before, Execution may have hope to follow; but, when Judgment halts, it is at a barrier Execution cannot pass.

We often remark that the early sketches of artists, who have, eventually, attained a high place in their profession, have been signalized by a timid and hesitating line: carefulness, not confidence, has controlled the pencil. Execution, with them, has had an exacting task-master in Judgment; while others, who never afterwards arrived at a reputation for any higher quality, have left behind innumerable specimens of fearless handling, that had dazzled, and do still dazzle the superficial observer, by a forged resemblance of power that is mistaken for the freedom of hand consequent on acquired precision: this is, after all, but the intrepidity of careless self-sufficiency and uninstructed rashness: a precocious mechanical facility, in the end, destructive of all mental control over physical performance.

It is not our intention to represent the exhibition of an indifferent picture as condemnatory of hopes of improvement in

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the painter. We would not estimate the artist's judgment by the picture he has painted, but by his obtruded opinion of its rank as a work of art. Offering a picture for sale, is not an assertion of its positive excellence, nor of satisfied judgment in the painter. Extreme cultivation of the talent of just-appreciation being the great thing needful in an artist, if one possessing that quality in a remarkable degree did not exhibit until he had painted a picture that had survived, intact, the ordeal of such a judgment, he would never have exhibited at all. We do not believe a work of exceeding talent has yet been produced, in which there was not something the artist would wish changed. The walls of an ordinary exhibition-room do not, therefore, challenge such a degree of stricture as a competition in which every picture claims admission to a certain rank, and has to be measured by a proclaimed standard; and in which each competing artist is committed to the supposition of believing the work he has sent in possesses sufficiency of the qualities enumerated in such standard to obtain the prize; in such instances is criticism compelled to speak plainly, and truth cannot choose, in most cases, but be offensive. We again assert that more than half of these artists have incurred the imputation of deficient judgment by the mere act of sending in. What, then, may we pronounce of those, who, after decision, and in despite of universal agreement in award, come forward, singly, to maintain pretensions the most absurd, and, in some sort, seem to glory in their making thus inefficiency notorious? Can we hesitate to conclude that the distinction referred to at the commencement of these observations, as existing between the artist and actor is a mistake, and that the one is as unfettered as the other to judge wisely of his own work? In each may judgment be so feeble, that such impediments are not perceived—indeed, the obstacle may be, that perception, itself, is incomplete; that the individual has capacity, to a certain amount—no more—and that amount a minimum; that this capacity to do has equalled this small capacity to estimate and that he cannot have perception of any thing that may be added to that which he has already accomplished: finite humanity takes this for perfection, but art is infinite as nature which it seeks to reproduce; and all supposed perfection in art is based on insufficiency of standard in the observer. The truly great can never see perfection, or even sufficiency, in their own productions.

The finite nature of judgment is not, however, confined in its exhibition to those possessing but mediocre talent. It is equally noticeable in the construction of the minds of individuals whose works possess, deservedly, a high and lasting position in public estimation. However advanced may the judgment have been, let it have been overtaken by the execution, let the individual have done what he conceives to be enough, the conception, being the judgment itself;—its *beau idéal*, the mental picturing of his cherished theory of beauty and fitness;—he is then so blinded by a mist of his own creation, that mitigated applause becomes an insult, and partial condemnation is a shock to self-esteem his patience is not prepared to brook. It is a sudden disturbance of a pleasing dream; and the disturber must put up with the consequence. We could name numerous examples illustrating the position here supported. In many of the Cartoon exhibitions might be pointed out specimens by some who have painted during what is now approximating to a long life of aim at art, with such untiring industry and perseverance of attempt, as only an incurable disease in thought could have repulsed. They have been comforted in their hopelessness of endeavour by the confidence afforded in a feeble judgment, directed by a perverse theory of what art should be. Measuring their deformed

progeny by the proportions they have themselves laid down, but which are acknowledged by no one else, they pride themselves on success in reproducing the ugliness they have imagined. Such singularity of theory, that owns no reverence for agreed authority, is a frequent source of accumulating obstacle to the establishment of community in thought between an artist and those whose approval make reputation valuable. So much for instances of high self-estimation connected with meanness of attainment. We could point out another, sometimes among those competitors, who has occasionally produced works possessing certain qualities;—aye, and high ones too—with which those of no other living British artist can successfully compare, but whose onward course has been long time arrested by this same self-sufficient irascible uneasiness at blame that would consider error embalmed by general objection: proving a satisfied self-gratulation and tokening torpor of faculties that should direct, from their having long shirked the duty of enquiry. Else why has this artist but repeated himself for twenty years? And why does he task himself so often to prove wrong is right, rather than make it so by correction? We do not assert this artist sees perfection in his work, but that he is indignant at another pointing out his faults. For ourselves, we believe that all physical execution only avoids being mechanical while it is in direct fusion with individual mental meaning; and that the greater the intellectual imagining of the author, the more magnificent his yet unfulfilled thought, the less is the esteem he has for what is done. The divine Shakespeare, whose name forms now the apex of civilised celebrity, and whose intellectual triumphs have made matter of new wonder for each succeeding age, did, himself, value them so slightly, that he feared to risk the reputation they had acquired on the stage in affording opportunities of examination by another test—the closet: leaving the immortality of his fame, and the gratification of after time to accident.

H. C. M.

In the present exhibition at the British Institution, probably the best picture in the rooms, and which may challenge comparison with the most happy effects of painting in its department anywhere, was sold on the first day for forty guineas; a price trifling in reference to the merit of the work, as can only be accounted for by some such humility of self-estimate as has been above referred to. We regret that the money value of so excellent a production should not have found its way into the pocket of the artist himself. The picture we allude to is No. 91, a Frost Piece, Evening, C. Branwhite, Bristol, a painter of whom we have seen nothing but this exceedingly clever landscape.

#### ON THE STUDY OF SINGING.

AMONG the many false notions that exist in the musical art there are none, perhaps, more widely spread, or attended with such mischievous results, as those belonging to the art of singing;—widely spread, in as much as they are entertained by those who are taught as well as by those who teach (the last may find it to their interest to keep up these misapprehensions), and mischievous from the injurious consequences that must necessarily result from them.

The false notions we allude to are those which appear to have deeply taken root, namely, that to teach singing it is only necessary to play the pianoforte, and have a little acquaintance with the theory of music. It shall be our business to show the fallacy of these opinions in the observations we are about to make, and as a preliminary step we shall quote, as a text, the following axiom from the Art of Singing, by Signor Crivelli, a name too well known to require comment at our hands, and



whose experience in his branch of the musical profession will form its own guarantee. "It is generally supposed that the knowledge of the theory and practice of Music alone, will be sufficient to enable any one to teach singing, but the abstract knowledge of music has nothing to do with the art of singing." This assertion, made so clearly and distinctly, however startling it may appear, may nevertheless be proved to be true, and if true, it is very evident the subject is very little understood, for many undertake to teach singing solely from being able to play an instrument, or because they possess a sufficient knowledge of harmony, which may enable them to resolve all possible discords, and those who principally have undertaken to teach the art, are perhaps of all others the least qualified for it—we allude to the piano-players.

In a former number of our work, in an article entitled "the Conductor," we were compelled to notice that these gentlemen, the piano-players, had for a long time arrogated to themselves the exclusive right to the office of Conductor; this lasted until the eyes of the public were opened to their incapacity, and a change has since been made much, no doubt, to their own annoyance, but very much for the good of the art itself. To show the fallacy of this assumption, we there proved, from the nature of the case—that is, from their necessary isolation in their practice—they were of all others the least qualified by their previous study to undertake this important post; and here again we are compelled to fall foul of these very complacent individuals, and expose their inefficiency and their unwarranted assumption as teachers of the art of singing, merely from a facility of playing on an instrument which, it is true, often places them in a position to accompany the vocalist, a task, by-the-way, which few of them after all are capable of doing even decently; and, though thus showing an incapacity for what may be called a mechanical operation, they would set themselves up as masters of a branch the most difficult of all, embracing as it does not merely the reading of notes, but the study of declamation vying in this respect with the powers of the dramatic art, and consequently requiring more varied application than any instrumental performance whatever: a branch of music the peculiar resources of which they have never perhaps troubled themselves to think about, and consequently can, by no possibility, be able to impart the knowledge necessary for its attainment.

In these observations we beg to disclaim all personality whatever, we merely speak generally, and from a conviction of the very great harm that has been done by the system pursued by many, and we hope we are not undertaking an ungrateful task, if by our endeavours we shall be able to assist in putting this branch of music on a right footing; for it must be clear that these opinions will be fatal to the progress of the art. We shall have to contend with the self-interest of those to whom the existence of these misapprehensions forms a source of emolument, but we will not be dismayed in our endeavours to break through the bonds, and make the way to the fair fields of the science, open to all to enter and pursue their path untrammelled, either by the prejudice or ignorance of those who might wish to oppose them.

We return now to our starting point—that the abstract knowledge of music has little or nothing to do with the art of singing—however startling this assertion may appear it is nevertheless true. Some one may ask if the knowledge of music has nothing to do with singing, what else has? We extract the answer from Mr. Crivelli's work. "To cultivate the human voice to the greatest advantage, it is necessary to study the physical construction of the vocal organ, and to examine accurately its position in the throat, so as to be able to understand its action in producing the sounds, which is the cause of the various qualities

of voice, and their different powers of flexibility; and as the management of the breath is of great importance to singers, it is also necessary to study the condition and the capability of expansion of the lungs: without this physical knowledge no master can hope to develop the vocal powers of the student and give him perfect ease and command in articulating, modulating, and sustaining sounds, so that he may be able to express every sentiment and passion to which the human mind is subject, with power and delicacy."

From this quotation we learn, that in singing:—1st, The physical knowledge of the vocal organ is necessary. 2nd. That the management of the breath is of great importance. And 3rd. That the necessary command over the organ being acquired, the study of declamation is the ultimate point of the artist. From this very clear and plain statement it must be evident to every one, that the mere knowledge of music is only secondary for a vocalist; the physical knowledge of the organ, the management of the breath, and the study of declamation, forming the ground work of the vocal art. The musical notes, like the alphabet, being formed into phrases, enable him thus to express the various sentiments and passions of the human mind, so that, in fact, the knowledge of music, which by so many is considered as all-sufficient to teach singing, comes only last in the category.

In carrying out these remarks we shall now show what is contained in each of the three primary requisites just mentioned. In speaking of the physical department, what is required is a knowledge of the different parts of which the organ is composed, and their action in producing the sounds. These parts are:—the windpipe, the larynx, its top joint, in which is the rima, or opening, the point where the sounds are produced by the passage of the air from the lungs externally; the throat, at the back of the windpipe, the size of which has an influence on the volume of sound; the palate, acting as a vaulted arch, increasing the vibration of the sound as it passes. As this is not intended for medical disquisition, but as an assistance for the vocalist in his career: only those parts are mentioned actually concerned in the production of sound. We now come to the breath, the main-spring of the whole. The air inhaled in its passage is arrested at the rima by the resistance of the muscles, sound is produced, and in its progress externally increases according to the size of the throat and the arch of the palate: other parts, also, giving accessory assistance. The actual vocal tube may be reckoned from the rima in the larynx to the lips; according, then, as the larynx is high or low in natural position in the throat, making thereby a shorter or longer tube, so is the depth of the sound; therefore, in the different voices, the larynx of the lower qualities is placed lower down the throat than of the higher qualities—that is, the bass is lower than the tenor, and the contralto than the soprano. In carrying out this theory in the notes of any voice, it is clear that for a low sound the organ is lower in the throat than for a higher sound, consequently, in singing, the windpipe and larynx are in constant motion for the different necessary sounds, and in the elasticity of the muscles is comprised vocal flexibility or execution. To gain this execution is one of the most difficult points in singing, and can only be imparted by one who understands the mechanism and action of the organ itself, with which the mere knowledge of music has nothing to do. The proper management of the breath, also, in sustaining the sounds, as well as in the execution, must be a subject requiring great experience and attention, and want in a master something more than a facility on the piano, or any other instrument, or the knowledge of harmony, which enables its possessor to compose a song or a solo; and yet these are qualities generally supposed as all that is necessary for teaching singing.

The third subject we have mentioned is the study of declamation, a separate study altogether, on which the expression of music depends, but itself derives no immediate assistance from music, and in which the mere instrumentalist has no concern whatever, although the composer ought to comprise it within his branch; or, otherwise, the words are merely pegs to hang the notes on, and, as such, lose all their force and energy; but it is the business of the singer to endeavour to produce the best effect from the combination of the sound with the sense; and the very few who have excelled will show the difficulty of the task; and, in our recollection, there is but one who has shown himself great:—we allude to the veteran Braham—for the truth of this, those who have heard him in "Deeper and deeper still," and in "Jephtha's Daughter," will not easily forget his power of declamation: and, yet, with all this power, he is deficient in the expression of melody, which is a confirmation, in some degree, of what we have advanced, namely: that the vocal art, and—in its highest branch—recitative, is but little dependent on mere musical sound, but on the study of declamation; for the greatest singer we possess, whilst showing his power in the recitative, is yet not capable of producing the same effect where the beauty of melody would materially assist in the expression of the sentiment.

We have been induced to enter thus minutely into the subject of the study of singing, from knowing what very mischievous results have occurred, in consequence of persons, mere instrumentalists, taking upon themselves to teach a branch of the art, of which, the knowledge of music, alone, can have nothing to do with, in the most important point, namely, the formation of the voice, for which, as we have shown above, the physical knowledge is altogether and only necessary. We do not mean to say by this, that a singer should not be a musician; on the contrary, we would urge the necessity of great theoretical knowledge, which, perhaps, is not sufficiently attended to by vocalists; but what we hope we have proved, is: that neither an instrumentalist, nor a teacher of harmony can, by any possibility—merely as such—know anything about singing; and, when the task is undertaken by them, the end must be the ruin of the voice itself.

In allusion to the execution of passages, which, as we have shown, depends on the elasticity of the muscles, a little reflection will show to any one, that this must necessarily be a work of time. Whatever aptitude, whatever power of voice any student may possess, the execution of a common scale cannot be done as it ought to be until the proper management of the breath in the passage of the notes, the muscular action of the organ is rendered free and independent, so that execution may be effected without effort. Every one knows what labour and drudgery is necessary to bring the hand into subjection to play on any instrument; still more, then, must the muscles of the throat require time and trouble to give them the necessary elasticity, from the more delicate construction of the part, itself, and the very great care to be taken that no force is used, which would at once destroy the power: and, yet, we find paragraphs, daily put forward, stating that this is to be done in a given number of lessons: we quoted some of these in our last number; but the following goes beyond all in this matter:—

"—Undertakes to improve vocalists, on her system, under any disparagement, in twelve lessons, imparting a correct expression, perfect articulation, and a clear intonation, improving the voice, and giving musical taste per cadenza, shake and trillo."

This certainly must be considered the *ne plus ultra* of the puffing art. We certainly do pity any one who by any chance gets into the clutches of this individual, whose very expressions show a total ignorance of the first principles of singing; and yet

the system is not confined to those who would push themselves forward by advertising notoriety: there are many who rank high in public estimation, whose qualifications, if tested, would perhaps prove about on a par with those of this individual, but whose position, however gained, unfortunately places in their power many luckless students, who, taken-in by this sort of reputation, and without considering whether these self-styled masters have been educated for their task, entrust themselves to their care for their vocal training, and after much time and money spent, with the view of earning an independence for themselves, and when they expected to reap the reward of their labours, to find their hopes have been resting on a broken reed, and that they have jeopardized their honest yearnings of ambition on the dishonest practices of incompetent professors, and thus with blighted views they have been compelled to pass through life disappointed in hope and ruined in their prospects. These are facts that cannot be disputed; and we think, therefore, that in thus attempting to open the eyes of the public to what is really required in a master of singing, we shall be doing service to those whose wishes lead them to take to the vocal art as a means of subsistence. Let them pause ere they decide on their choice, for on their first step—the choice of a singing master—must depend their hope of success or chance of ruin.

There is an anecdote told of Porpora, a master of the Neapolitan school, which has been often quoted but seldom noted, for if it had it might have had the effect of preventing the consequences which have resulted from ignorance. In teaching a pupil for whom he had a great friendship, he kept him six years practising Diatonic and Chromatic Scales, ascending and descending, the various intervals, and the different ornamental characters: in the sixth year, and not till then, some lessons in articulation, pronunciation, and declamation were given. At the end of this time Porpora said to his pupil, who thought he was still in the elements of singing, "Go, my son, you have nothing more to learn: you are the first singer of Italy and of the world." This singer was Caffarelli, the most celebrated vocalist of the eighteenth century, who made money sufficient by his art to enable him to buy a dukedom. The story points its own moral. How different is the idea that now exists! Any one who possesses a tolerably good voice, thinks he has bestowed quite sufficient time in acquiring his art if two or three years have been devoted to it; and the consequence is—we say it unhesitatingly—that we have not one who can claim to be a singer in the sense that Porpora addressed his patient and attentive pupil.

C. J.

### THE DRAMA.

WHEN an art has had the misfortune to attain popularity unassisted by the classification of experiments, and its professors have only looked to practice, without suspecting that their *metier* may have the means by which it effects its intentions, regulated by the laws that superintend other indications of human perception, then is that art but a mechanical process, and those who follow it and become celebrated, are content with having acquired enough of what may be called tact to mark that certain practices which they or others have, by accident, essayed successfully, have had certain results upon their audiences. They do not know why, neither do they care; for, from the formation of their minds never having suggested the enquiry, they are, in general, unsuspecting that a reply to such a why is within the circle of possibility: thus, from continually referring to effects instead of principles, they repeat the same things so long as the patience of the public will endure the repetition, even until the ever-



accumulating amount of discontent has undermined a practice having so superficial a foundation in system. With ordinary accompanying circumstances the consequences would exhibit themselves in an entire disgust on the part of the public; and the art itself would, in the end, shrink into disuse, if a revolution, motivated by the alarm of those whom extensive pecuniary investment had compelled to continued observance of every symptom indicating causes for fear, and suggesting motives for exertion, did not, as far as such motives are influential, from time to time succeed in a partial rescue of the art from the suicidal practices of its own professors. This was the situation of the Drama; but it is no longer so circumstanced. It is, indeed, still an art in which, with individual exceptions, the workman has learned little beyond mechanical execution and unclassified experiment. Acting, as a profession, still remains the mannerism of its period; an individual possessing, in excess, some peculiarity, which accident has enabled him to develop to extremity, obtains a certain amount of public attention: then is he supposed to be the hound that finds, and all the pack are yelping in his wake. All search after game of their own is given up: the beast, Public, can only be hunted and taken in the route discovered; the object they are chasing makes frequent doubles, yet the pack continues in full cry after a leader running straight an end, and believing that going any length in one direction is equivalent to advance in all: the peculiarities of the leader are exaggerated into mannerisms by repetition among his imitators, and he is tempted to excess in his endeavour to keep a-head. The artist is then forgotten in the mechanic; observation on humanity, in its possible combinations of the true and the picturesque, is no longer the director of his attempt, but muscular tension and physical endurance is tasked to substitute mere nervous temperament and artificial declamation for exact counterfeit of nature under impulse, and a faithful portrayal of the effects of passion in all its phases of external showing. Thus is our stage becoming more mannered every day. We know exactly what an actor will do, and excitement at a dramatic performance is but an exception that marks the rule. This recurrence of monotonous reproduction is now, as it has ever been, the sin and shame of actors; but the safety valve, preventing utter and permanent degradation to the art, has ceased to exist.

Pecuniary investment has little, now, in common with dramatic enterprise. Managers are now no longer proprietors, but lessees: with few exceptions, they are sordid adventurers, whose profits are their own, but whose losses are their creditors; possessing neither appreciation for what is excellent, nor distaste for what is offensive: their interest in the enterprise is but from year to year: and they have neither confidence in their own judgment, nor credit with the profession, for making permanent engagements. A seven years bond, as usual under the old system, offered temptation to a manager for seeking new veins of talent; first appearances were frequent, and extravagant demands from established favourites were kept in something approximating to sufficiency of deserving. If not one of these, then is the manager an actor himself, who, calculating on increase of eminence from the foil of meanness surrounding him, opens the communication with the public under his direction only to those whose incapacity afford security to the permanence of his own fame; and gives preference to those dramas which suit his own manner, in which, that the hero may be prominent, the remaining *dramatis personæ* must be detestable: his sole motive for choice of assistants being their insufficiency, and consequent cheapness. So far from seeking new talent, he would oppose barriers to its forced incursions; declining receipts only suggesting decreased expences, the disease we complain of would, in the end, cure

itself, by extinguishing the influence of its authors. But decrease in receipts are not now the result of unworthy management; formerly such a consummation might be expected, but now, other circumstances come into consequence, and cause and effect assume a complexity difficult to account for from precedent. Houses fill with any thing or nothing, in spite of the discontent of critics, and the murmurs, not loud but deep, of the habitual playgoer. The sole duty of the manager is now to open his doors at half-past six. He does not know what may be going on in the provinces: he does not care. He scarce knows what is going on in town, at other theatres. Miss Cushman had completed her last year's performance at the Princess's; and—we know the fact—two managers, of houses professedly devoted to the regular drama, had not seen her at all. The reputation due to her genius, and which the connection of her name with that of Mr. Macready had then enabled her to force on notice, has given her a choice of engagements on almost her own terms: this, in no respect resulting from managerial observation, or capacity for appreciating power in the actor, but from his inability to resist the fact that she had acquired a certain amount of public notoriety, a possession assuming every day more of the character of a monopoly. The difficulty of appearing before the public in town, to one not, as it were, patronised by a manager, has so increased in magnitude, that men of talent and gentlemanly feeling, who cannot add servility to the other qualifications required in a profession that owns no leisure for those who are ambitious, will rather devote their energies to some vocation in which the impediments are less artificial, and in which ability for executing the thing to be done is an acknowledged essential required in the candidate for its performance: thus, the theatres are filled with actors like the public offices with clerks; there is a continual recommendation of relations and hangers-on, the best warrant of fitness for the Drama being an unfitness for any thing else. Mechanical conventionalities have swept away originality of research, and the stage no longer holds the mirror up to nature. Acting is supposed to be acquired like shoe-making—by apprenticeship;—and stage-speaking is supposed to be an invention of behind the scenes. The Dramas of Shakspeare have ceased to be tragedies and comedies, having interest as stories, to become the mere vehicles for exhibiting the singularities of an individual, who, meeting no competition, having no rival, and habitually and justly despising the meanness continually surrounding him, soon fades in every thing but an enormous estimate of his own powers, believes all nature to be a repetition of himself, and observation on others a condescension unworthy of an actor's creative genius. It is impossible to screw mental exertion to its sticking-place without emulation: the present system keeps emulation out of the question; and dramatic excellence is withering before our eyes, without a prospect of its reproduction.

In our memory the town had the regulation of these matters in its own hands. The play-going critics had influence from their number, knew each other from repeatedly meeting in the theatre, and in great measure gave the tone to the house. A bad piece could not then run fifty nights after being condemned by its first audience. A bad actor was laughed at, and the offensive peculiarities of a good one reproved. Mannerism was not received as genius, and there was small tolerance for that turgid mouthing of words in utterance now called stage declamation. The actor's chief acquirement was not then considered to be a loud voice and isolated pronunciation. Playbills were not then headed by a list of names in which those of price and merit are carelessly jumbled with those who, having no merit, were handsomely rewarded by a trifling remuneration. What end can

a management propose in forcing small names into such unseemly prominence, and thus proclaiming its poverty in talent a quality to boast of? It is because he knows that poverty is a thing not to be concealed from the old playgoer. It is because he now depends upon an audience that takes his gingerbread for gold. The railroad trains empty themselves into the town theatres, and the unsophisticated rustic usurps the place of the *blazé* critic. He looks upon the London actor with the faith of a devotee that, finding bones enshrined beneath an altar, never dares to doubt their claim to holy origin. The manager sees no reason for exertion to satisfy audiences already satisfied, and is not employed to seek excellence in new attraction, but in discovering a less and less expensive means for suiting natives who are so easily suited. Secure of full houses, his views are only directed towards diminishing disbursements, and, in spite of universally confessed decay of talent on the stage in every succeeding season, theatrical speculation is getting more profitable.

This deplorable consummation has been much assisted, if not mainly brought about, by inefficiency and corruption in the public press, which, in great measure, prepares opinions for the audiences now in the ascendant. Since the days of Hazlitt, we have seen no tolerable dramatic criticism in a daily newspaper: all is motivated either by favour or enmity; one journal gives unmeasured praise to every thing done by a certain actor, while another is as unjustly condemnatory to all his efforts. We have, it is true, occasional exhibitions of ponderous dulness in the magazines, that do but succeed in proving the writers to have tasked themselves to the exploration of some new continent of thought, with nothing but their own temerity and Johnson's dictionary for their guidance: we need go no farther than the January number of *Blackwood* for a specimen of the class of cattle we would here denounce, in which, a writer, among much nonsense on the Drama, gravely asserts that the *Othello* and *Hamlet* of Mr. Macready were eked out by "Caudle's Curtain Lectures!" Now, every play-goer in London knows that, on every night of that gentleman's appearance, hundreds were unable to obtain admission, while the silly farce alluded to had been produced and worn out of public tolerance before his engagement had commenced: such a mis-statement of facts arising from ignorance of the truths of the passing hour, connected with a subject, in which the writer would be thought a teacher, is a happy and a fitting preparation for the following passage:—

"Talent, and that, too, of a high class; genius of the most exalted kind, are not wanting to support the long line of British theatrical greatness. The names of Charles Kean, Fanny Kemble, Helen Faucit, &c., &c."

The exalted genius of Charles Kean!!

Is this writer but a dreamer in the drama, yet of such consequence in another department as to influence insertion of anything in the magazine to the destruction of its already fading reputation; or is he but some sucking critic *Blackwood* has taken in to wet nurse? We tell this gentleman, confidentially, whoever he is, that not the least of the evils that press upon our existing stage is the fact that such critics as himself have volunteered to undertake its superintendence.

THE TRUNK MAKER.

#### THE MODEL OF THE PARTHENON BY MR. LUCAS.

AMONG the many objects which excite either the curiosity or the admiration of the visitor at the British Museum, there is not one which may command both of these sensations to an inquisitive mind more than this model: the attempt to restore the Parthenon,

a work undertaken and executed with meritorious zeal by Mr. Lucas, the well-known sculptor. Whether or no the model would have been produced in a more perfect form by an architect it matters little to the purpose; the neglect of the architect has been supplied by the energy of the sculptor, and as the former may, perhaps, feel this implied by the application of the latter, it cannot, therefore, be matter of surprise, that the architect should now scrutinize the work with an eye jealous, perhaps, of this apparent infringement of his peculiar department. To this point we shall allude presently.

The object of this work of art, so elaborately executed by Mr. Lucas, was for the purpose of illustrating the different materials collected together in the Elgin Marble Room, and of combining in one harmonious whole the various elements that composed that beautiful structure, the Parthenon, forming, as it must have done, not only the most perfect specimen of Grecian architectural art; but also as being the repository of some of the finest works of sculpture of any age whatever, which contained in the east and west pediments, in the metopes of the peristyle, and in the frieze which girts the cella, the whole history of the Athenian republic; for on the eastern pediment are represented (according to the restoration of Mr. Lucas, for which, in his book, he appears to have hit on a simple and probable hypothesis) the chief gods of Olympus in the centre of the composition, and subordinately associated the deities of the Attic soil. At the angle on one side we have the noble group of Hyperion and his horses, and on the other side, Night. "The time is the glorious break of day; Helius rising in the east, with his panting steeds snorting fire and breasting the waves of the ocean; in the west, Selene or the moon flies before him, descending far into the deep; the scene is the Cronian crest of the great Olympus; and, for the subject, we thus suppose it:—in the centre, seated on his throne of gold, placed on a rock, was Zeus, in the most exalted of all his attitudes—as the creator of wisdom,—his countenance wearing a mingled aspect of majesty and affection; his throne was supported by the Victory, and Sphinxes—doubtless in the same precious material; by him stood the new-born goddess, with all her attributes; on the other side was Juno in a dignified aspect; by her side was Neptune; and by the side of Minerva was Vulcan with his axe,—the type of the birth—and composing with the Neptune on the opposite side; then other Olympian gods grouped round the centre, among which, and as an attendant on Vulcan, is placed Ilythia,—the goddess who presides over births—near to whom is Apollo and Latona; while, on the opposite side, next to Neptune, are placed Hermes, Ceres and Proserpine."

This restoration seems probable, from the circumstance that Minerva was the presiding goddess of the city, and what more appropriate could be depicted together with the rising dawn, than her birth? On the western pediment is represented the conquest of Minerva over Neptune, by which she was entitled to give a name to, and become the founder of Athens, the city of the Athenæ. The metopes of the peristyle each contain some heroic achievement, connected with the inhabitants. "The combats of the Centaurs, and the battles of the Amazons, being the most celebrated of the fabulous wars of the Athenians, supplied part of the subjects selected by Phidias; while on the east and northern peristyles the actions and inventions of Minerva, herself, together with the deeds of heroes who immortalised themselves under her influence were included among them:—under these metopes were holes for the purpose of hanging up shields; these were of gold, and of the diameter of the tryglypha, and were, probably, the votive offerings from the heroes in war, or dedications of the victors in the Olympic games, and must have added to the effect when the last bright rays of the sun were falling on them.



"But the grandest and most extensive composition of continuous sculpture, and approaching nearest the epic poem in magnitude and importance is the frieze of the Parthenon, which crowned the exterior of the cella and its two vestibules."—"The subject of this frieze represents the celebration of the most imposing ceremony connected with the highest mystery of the Greek mythology, a procession formed in honour of the goddess Minerva, and to conduct to her temple with splendour and magnificence the sacred peplos or veil which shielded her aspect from ordinary gaze or observation."

The sculptural department may thus be said to have embodied the early and mythological history of Athens; and which with the wonderful beauty and symmetry of the architectural arrangement formed altogether for grandeur of design and excellence of execution, a temple worthy of the combined genius of Phidias and Ictinus. The temple is 227 feet in length, 102 in breadth, and 66 in height from the stylobate to the apex of the pediment. It was an octastyle—that is, having eight columns in front, and fifteen on the sides; the inner portico at either end was hexastyle, the columns of smaller dimensions, and elevated two steps above the stylobate, and thus continued throughout the cella. The roof was supported by a double height of columns, and in this inner apartment was the chryselephantine statue of the goddess, the work of Phidias, a combination of all that is magnificent in Art. It was 39 feet in height and was made of ivory and gold—hence its name—and embellished with precious stones.

We have thus given a very brief outline of the Parthenon extracted from Mr. Lucas' book on the subject which those must read who wish to know more about the matter, and the authorities which have been consulted in making the restoration as seen in the model—in contrast with which is another model, showing the state in which the temple was in, after the explosion which took place at the siege of the city in 1687, then in the hands of the Turks, by the Venetians; the cella had been converted into a powder magazine, and a shell thrown by the besiegers bursting through the roof fell on the combustible materials within, and caused an explosion which demolished a portion of the side walls—with six columns on the one side and seven on the other—with several of the metopes, and a portion of the frieze.

The juxtaposition of these two models in the Elgin Marble Room, contrasting the state from which any authentic account can be derived, with its restoration, cannot fail to convince every beholder of the persevering energy which Mr. Lucas has brought to bear on the work, and reflect great credit on him in having thus embodied the various ideas that have been, as it were, floating about; for, setting aside any imperfections that some very scrutinizing criticism may have discovered, and from which it was hardly possible it could be free, considering the discordant opinions existing on the various points connected with the building. Those who accurately study the restored model will gain more practical information on a subject which all who are interested in the Fine Arts cannot fail themselves to be interested in, than could be picked up in much laborious reading and examination of conflicting opinions; it should, therefore, be considered with reference to this view of the question, notwithstanding the objections which professional enquiry may find in many of the parts in detail: a scrutiny to which Mr. Lucas, in the first instance, willingly laid himself open to, having requested the opinion of the first architects of the day to assist him in making the model as perfect as it could be. Having thus shown his honesty of purpose, we were surprised to find, at the late meeting of the Royal Institute of Architects, although much apparent kindness of manner was observed, yet the objections were made in any but a

kindly spirit, and the statements that have been publicly made have been all of an ex-parte character, in which, whilst the objections were keenly urged, the answers given by Mr. Lucas are wholly omitted. This is the point we have alluded to above. Now, whether this has arisen from professional pique—as Architect *versus* Sculptor—or because one architect's opinion was consulted to the exclusion of another, or, lastly, whether some rancorous feeling against the trustees of the Museum has been thus allowed to explode, by a side wind, in which the purchasing a model which contained some inaccuracies, was made a matter for architectural zeal to urge charges, not only against Mr. Lucas but the said trustees, we neither know nor care. Our purpose being to do full justice to all parties, we shall here endeavour to give an accurate statement of all that occurred—namely, of the objections raised by Professor Donaldson, and the answers given by Mr. Lucas. We extract the objections from the *Builder*, as they are there supposed to be authentic.

Obj. 1.—"I must now venture to allude to the restored model. In the first place, it is less accurate as regards the steps, than that of the ruined temple. In the latter there are only three, in the former four. Upon referring to my own studies made on the spot, I find three steps of marble, and below the lowermost a slab of the same height, and about the same projection of stone, and thus specifically stated in my sketch. There is then a much wider slab of stone, and a drop beyond of 3 feet 4 inches. It appeared conclusive to my mind, that the stone slab was a portion of the pavement of the area around the temple, which was laid with slabs of stone, the upper surface being level with the upper face of the stone slab under the third marble step. In fact, it would have looked incongruous to have had one step of stone and then three of marble. Besides which we have the testimony of Vitruvius, who says, Book III. c. 3. 'The number of steps in front *should always be odd*, since in that case the right foot, which begins the ascent will be that which first alights on the landing of the temple.' We know that our great master borrowed all his canons from the Greeks, and that the superstitions of the ancients had a common origin and a common acceptance."

To this Mr. Lucas answered, with regard to four steps. They are given on the authority of Colonel Leake's work, second edition, who, moreover states, that the four are of marble, and not three only and the fourth, or lowest, of stone, as stated by Mr. Donaldson; and also from Mr. Walter Grenville's personal observations; added to which Mr. Lucas had made arrangements in case the fourth step was objected to, to make it a part of the pedestal. The testimony of Vitruvius advances nothing, besides being contrary to fact; for the height of each being two feet, it is impossible to have ascended them, as stated by Vitruvius, and, if any intermediate step was made for the convenience of the people going into the temple,—which is not improbable—the number would be six, thus controverting an hypothesis not tenable under any circumstances.

Obj. 2.—"The restored model shows no traces of the pilnch which existed between the lower parts of the columns of the Posticum, and of which there are indisputable signs in the Parthenon. This pilnch, which was 9 feet 1 inch high, and half as wide again as the centre fluting, received the standards of the metal grating which inclosed the intercolumniations up to the summits of the capitals, as is ascertained by the mortice holes still existing in the ante. This metal work was for the purpose of giving security to the Posticum, as within it were exposed to public view many of the votive offerings of beauty and value, the riches of the temple, and being placed within the metal railing, they were prevented being injured by accident or purloined by the evil disposed. This grating was probably of bronze gilt, and many Roman bas-reliefs offer authority for a restoration."

To this, Mr. Lucas stated that there is no authority for any of the bronze gates, except Mr. Donaldson's fancy; and, this being the case, and, thinking they would detract from the effect of the model, they were omitted.

Obj. 3.—"The next inaccuracy to which I wish to call attention, is the doorway. The old aperture had been narrowed long since, either by the

Venetians or Turks, by the introduction of slabs in irregular courses; beyond these slabs the wall is perfectly plain. Reasoning from the magnificence and importance of the Parthenon, which would be evidently deficient in effect if the doorway were a mere square aperture; reasoning from the analogy of the Erechtheum, which has a magnificent doorway, although an edifice of less importance than the Temple of Minerva, and reasoning from the evidence to be found on the apertures of the Propylea, which had evidently bronze dressings, I have little hesitation of stating my opinion, that the dressings of the Parthenon were of bronze, and that the model is singularly unfortunate in having consoles or trusses, which support nothing, are accompanied by no corresponding embellishment, and are contrary to all reason, propriety, and example."

Mr. Lucas here admitted that the strictures on the door way were just, and would be happy if Mr. Donaldson, himself, would suggest a design for a new door way.

Obj. 4.—"Mr. Lucas has continued the anteap mouldings along the wall of the Posticum, and along the flank wall of the cella, in both which positions they never existed. Mr. Lucas has represented cornices on the inner face of the cella wall where they do not exist, nor according to the most probable mode of restoration, ever could exist.

"These introductions are totally at variance with the drawings of Stuart, and cannot possibly be extant in any other authentic drawings as stated in the title-page of the pamphlet."

Mr. Lucas, in answer, stated that he was misled in this by Stuart's drawings, for, as the fascia over the frieze runs round the cella, and, likewise, the string course under the frieze, so this moulding of the anteap, being drawn in the same manner, Mr. Lucas thought it should also run round; that, in the first full-sized model he had made which had been inspected, it had escaped the observation of some of the first architects of the day.

Obj. 5.—"I have not wished to lengthen my remarks by allusions in detail to some questionable portions of the sculpture. I may, perhaps, be venturing on ground for which I am as little qualified to judge, as Mr. Lucas is to form an opinion of the architecture; but I must own, that I could have wished that the sculpture had been modelled with a refinement and finish more corresponding with the exquisite execution of the matchless original. I could have wished that one's ideas of the dignity, the splendour and proportion of the Chryselephantine statue, and the grave majesty and beauty of Minerva herself had been more realized than it is in this conception."

Mr. Lucas answers to this, that the statue was the first part done; and, feeling it to be of the highest importance, he had voluntarily offered to make a new model, which offer the Trustees have accepted.

Obj. 6.—"And I must own, that the prominence given to the sculptures of the pediments, the projections of the heads and limbs of so many of the figures, seem to me so much to interfere with the lines of the architecture, and themselves to be so much cut up by the intersection of the corona, as to produce a most unsatisfactory intricacy, and disagreeable contrast."

This objection could only have been caused by prejudice: the horse's head, the head of Ilyssus, the fragment of the head of Minerva, all coincide with Carrey's drawing and place this beyond a doubt; this objection, therefore, falls to the ground.

With regard to the columnar arrangement in the interior of the cella, the opinions are so various, that there can be no satisfactory conclusion drawn as to the exact plan adopted. Mr. Lucas had put the question both to Mr. Pittakis and Mr. Finlay—and that both these gentlemen differed on the subject; and therefore, there being no authority, the present arrangement had been adopted as being warranted by facts in other temples.

These answers, which are in the highest degree satisfactory, have been altogether omitted in the statements that have gone forth to the public; and as it is not fair towards Mr. Lucas to lie thus under the imputation of implied inaccuracies which admit some of easy solution, some not borne out, and others acknowledged, and alterations made where required;

it would have probably conduced more to produce a perfect work if these objections had been privately made, and not thus publicly paraded as charges—for Mr. Lucas evidently appears actuated with the desire of making the model beyond the possibility of a cavil—and any suggestions from others have been patiently canvassed and, if found true have been adopted: so that viewed in this light the whole affair is very like the mountain in labour, and Mr. Donaldson appears to us to have delivered himself of a very "ridiculus mus," more particularly when Mr. Lucas stated distinctly that it was his intention to visit Athens for the express purpose of examining and, if possible, of settling on the spot, the points on which the authorities now so curiously differ.

We have thus endeavoured to give a fair statement of facts, for, the charges being made without the answers being given, Mr. Lucas must appear in the light of one unable to maintain his position, but compelled to submit to all brought against him; whereas, the answers, themselves, contain a refutation of most of the charges; and, where facts could not be supported, Mr. Lucas, in the handsomest manner, acknowledged his error.

We now bring this discussion to a close: for our part, we think the models will form an invaluable addition to the Elgin Marble room; for, hitherto, many of the visitors, on entering the room, seeing only mutilated statues, and fragments,—and not understanding their real value and import—have quickly retired, observing, merely, "Oh! broken stones;" but, with the model before them, they will now see that these "broken stones" are, in fact, a portion of the history of one of the greatest nations of antiquity; that, while the recollection of others consist only in the wars and desolation that they caused, the republic of Athens sends down to posterity the monuments only of peace; and, as long as a fragment of the Parthenon remains, Greece will live—not as the brute conqueror, who lives on the lives of his fellow men—but as the master mind, which, like Minerva, from the head of Jupiter starting forth, not only bright in majesty, but the emblem of that wisdom and power which compels the homage of the world.

C.

#### EXHIBITION, BRITISH INSTITUTION.

In an attempt at estimating the degree of success that has replied to the novel effort at a forced culture of the higher walks of Painting in this country, every recurring exhibition becomes, to a real lover of art, a matter of no trifling interest. The first question he asks himself, on looking round, is, "What evidence do these walls present of reanimated vigour among known painters; or of fresh originality in executed thought in new aspirants, attributable to the hot-house attempts now in course of experiment?"

The reply this year would be: that the walls of the British Institution never before presented a less number of works having pretensions to high excellence in high art. Understand us well; we do not speak of failure: of great things attempted by artists unmistakably unequal to their accomplishment. On the contrary; the artists are, in general, successful in what they have attempted: the thing done is equal to the intention of its doer; the works are, in general, sufficient for the purposes of their authors: but the purpose has not been to produce something that should make their own fame and the reputation of their school, but to carry off the small prizes in the Art Union lottery. We can scarce blame the artist for this. Wherever there is a market there will production come; and for the peculiarity of demand in that



market will production silently prepare itself. We do not blame the Art Union as a foundation for this; the motive of its establishment has its base in the best feelings of our nature. We blame no one; but we assert, that these apparent consequences should suggest new modifications in the appointment of amounts in prizes. An increase in the number of four hundred pound pictures to be purchased, would give more vigour to production in history painting than any amount of rewards for Cartoons, and would in no case impose expences of which an artist could complain in reason. To all but the successful a cartoon is so much expense and labour, for which there is no chance of repayment: while a picture, unless of that mean quality that makes attempt ridiculous, is surely worth something. Such an increase in the number of first class prizes would give us some reasonable hope of greater ambition among the works produced, and we might fairly calculate on occasional successes that the country could exhibit to foreigners with satisfaction. We observe, however, on this occasion, one matter for congratulation: there are few competitors for the small prizes among the aristocracy of Art. Among the members of the Royal Academy, Mr. Ward is the only one liable to such an imputation, having six small pictures, only one of which exceeds twelve inches in its largest diameter, frame included, and all of them individually so insignificant as, during a patient examination of the gallery, to have entirely escaped our notice. W. Etty, R.A., has sent three pictures, of which No. 228, *A Bather*, is a similar composition to a painting he has before exhibited, but having less of the poetry of colour than its predecessor. The carnations are something redder than usual with the artist, but still very flesh like; and the forms, withal, so soft, so round, so high in character, and so near correctness, as to place it among the most successful productions of the master. No. 157, *Children reposing after bathing*, is a brilliant blot of colour, with no other Etty quality to recommend it: proving little beyond the value of a reputation. No. 115, *A Pirate carrying off a Captive*. The exceeding delicacy of the flesh tints in the female perhaps surpasses those of No. 22; but much of its beauty is negated by disproportion in the drawing of the male figure that occupies the centre of the picture, and obtrudes such evidence of carelessness as to make the whole unpleasant. J. M. W. Turner, R.A., has sent one picture No. 51, *Queen Mab's Cave*, that, as usual, sets all the canons of criticism at defiance. We cannot better describe it than by quoting from the late academican, Constable, who, differing as much as may be conceived possible in his own transcripts of nature, yet did highly appreciate the ideality of his contemporary. "Turner has some golden visions; they are only visions, but, still, they are Art; and one could live and die with such pictures;" again, "Turner seems to paint with tinted steam:—so evanescent and so airy—The public think he is laughing at them, and laugh at him, in return:" we have, however, some objections to these evanescent qualities in Mr. Turner's paintings; we doubt their duration; we think that much of their effects are obtained by means too slight to last; and that time will make strange havoc with the visionary forms on which their present beauty rests its small claim for having meaning as a picture. F. R. Lee, R. A., has sent three pictures, No. 129, *Oakhampton Castle*, 150, *Ashford Mill*, and 196, *Holm Hill, near Ashburton*; all careful imitations of nature; and, although, perhaps, not unworthy of the Artist, yet not calculated greatly to add to his reputation. One picture by D. Roberts, R. A., *Ruins of the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec*, and we have enumerated all that have been contributed by members of the Royal Academy; we, therefore, hope the meagreness we have here occasion to regret will be accounted for by the

attractions of Trafalgar Square, in the month of May ensuing.

Aiming at the highest class of Art, there is but one picture, No. 204, *Christ and his Disciples at Emaus*, by T. M. Joy, the success of which is hardly matter for congratulation; without reference to other inefficiencies, the head intended for our Saviour is a failure, as respects the expression of those attributes so inalienable to the universally received image of personified divinity, and is, withal, a representation of a person advanced in years. No. 144, *The Death of Cardinal Beaufort*, J. Gilbert, may be considered as possessing some claim to be called historical, though that claim is much perilled by its treatment as a picture; it presents, notwithstanding, much to approve; its beauties belonging to the difficulties of Art, while its faults are almost entirely mechanical, and consist in a want of cohesion, or consideration of the composition as a whole, and a meretricious attempt at gaudiness of colour, entirely at variance with the impression intended to be conveyed by so solemn a subject. The intensity of expression in the countenance and attitude of young Henry is exquisitely conceived, and most happily portrayed; while guilt, remorse, and terror are depicted in the features of the dying cardinal with the truthfulness of one that sees distinctly what he imagines: we doubt, however, the orthodoxy of embodying the shadowy spectre that had existed but in the imagination of the criminal. This work does not impress the mind so strongly as it might, from the spectator being, by its meretricious colour, not fully prepared to estimate its beauty. This artist only wants grandeur of model, as connected with greater breadth of manner, to make truly fine pictures.

Treading on the heels of history are what is called the "genre" style of paintings, of which very few specimens of preponderating merit are discoverable in the present exhibition. Among the first rank, and perhaps the first in quality as a picture, is no 62, *Dick Tinto shewing Peter Pattison his sketch of the Bride of Lammermoor*, R. S. Lawder. The Peter Pattison is a portrait of Sir Walter Scott. This is a picture of great merit, possessing much that is artistic in the composition, sufficiency of correctness in the drawing, and an effect of *chiaro oscuro* eminently happy. No. 134, *The Brittany Conscript leaving home*, F. Goodall. This picture would hang more appropriately on the walls of the Louvre than at the British Institution, and we would rather see these things done by French artists than in an English translation. We can conceive no other reason for Mr. Goodall's continuing to produce subjects the London public are so little competent to judging than the fear such judgment would be unfavourable when in fair competition with British art, on subjects selected on British ground. This picture evinces much of tact in the contrivance and arrangement of the groups; and, as usual with the artist, is, mechanically, well painted; but is eminently deficient in knowledge of the first principle of art, drawing. All is coarse and mean. The figures are not imitations of men and women; but of dolls having their clothes on only. It is a painting of still life, of vulgar costume, of frippery, of mean proportion, clumsily hidden under heaps of dress, without intention of express meaning in the countenances. As for the military, one of Charlet's lithographs, of which they are an imitation, is worth a regiment of them. Mr. Goodall is yet a very young man, and should look to this in time, or his too early success will have become the tomb of his deservings. 182, *Galatea*, S. G. Smith. This picture, accompanied by something too much of formality of composition, and a little hardness, presents much to admire in correctness of design, and high character of model. No. 238, *Godiva*, W. Fisher, shows much correctness and purity of character in design,

but fails in colour, being something cold and laboured. The subject might have been treated more advantageously if reduced in dimensions. No. 40, *Andromeda*, W. E. Frost. A sweet little cabinet bijou, that, but for a trifle too much of bulk in the body of the female (a fault that some might call an excellence), would have been as perfect as an antique gem. We regret not seeing Mr. Frost's name more often in the catalogue. No. 31, *The Challenge*, E. H. Corbould. A finished painting, in moderate dimensions, from the cartoon exhibited last year at Westminster Hall. No. 51, *Mina and Brenda*, J. E. Lawder. Tolerably composed and fairly drawn; but deficient in character and expression, and the flesh tints not sufficiently cared for. No. 77, *Girl at a Fountain*, W. Carpenter, Junior. A picture that succeeds in more than it appears at first sight to have attempted. It is sweetly painted, artistically composed, and, if it were not for the meanness of a disproportionately small foot, might claim to be well drawn. Its chief excellence, however, is its colour, which, but for the preponderance of red in a mass of petticoat, would rival a bunch of flowers. Covering the lower part of this picture by the hand will evince the necessity of proportion in everything that regards a picture. No. 78, *Gaston de Foix before the Battle of Ravenna*, F. R. Pickersgill, wants artistic arrangement as a composition. There is much to praise in the female figure, but Gaston is no warrior of the olden time. The armour as there drawn would not contain the chest of a man that was strong enough to carry it. We suspect the armour has been copied with nothing in it. No. 83, *The Temptation*, Alex. Johnston. This picture though fairly drawn, and solidly painted, will not add much to the reputation of the artist. The beauty of the female is not of a high character, and the figures together, are insignificant in comparison with the extent of flat grey wall making the back ground, a diminution of which would add consequence to the composition. No. 124, *Reading a merry Tale*, J. C. Hook. We have expectations of better things from Mr. Hook. Let him beware of fluency. This picture tells us of nothing else so much as hasty execution. No. 82, *Scene from Undine*, W. Rymer. An example of facility likely to be fatal to all hopes of eminence in its possessor. The artist riots in a luxury of composition in which thought has no share, and in which a trifling prettiness of drawing is universally substituted for purity. With study this artist may yet do much. It is strange to see so young a painter with so apparently confirmed a manner. The picture has much merit notwithstanding. No. 442, *The Skipping-rope Dance*, J. Hayes. We have seen a modern Flemish painting to which this picture has so much resemblance, as to make us strongly doubt its claim to be an original production. No. 442, *The Mariner's Wife*, T. Mogford. A picture having so much elevation of character in the female as to lift it, in some measure out of the class to which its title would intimate its belonging. No. 93, *Fairy struck*, F. Goodall. A not unsuccessful attempt at Rembrandtish effect in *chiaro oscuro*. No. 201, *Love in the Highlands*. One of Mr. Fraser's clever variations on one of his old tunes. No. 106, *Pleasing Intelligence*, T. Clater. Effective as to colour, but so little studied in expression or charm of countenance in the females as to disappoint a near examination. We must here close our notice of this department, though there are many other pictures having degrees of merit only to be estimated in reference to the age and means of study possessed by their producers.

Among the half-length subjects are many worthy of notice, of which the most obtrusive are those of Mr. Inskipp, who has furnished no less than seven subjects, Nos. 66, 88, 180, 216, 325, 368, 432, a greater number than any other exhibitor: we

are not astonished at this fecundity, but are something puzzled to discover whether the pictures are painted, stamped, or stencilled, for, we cannot perceive in them any quality exacting the ordinary processes of Art. Who can look on No. 368, *Sunset*, that monstrous parody of Gainsborough, and suppose it a picture, fit to leave the easel of a painter as complete? We have heard much of execution, but do not think that it should be measured by the facility with which an artist can satisfy himself. Mr. Inskipp's admirers—and we know they are not few—will, no doubt, despise us when we say his pictures are now, and always have been, in our opinion, anomalies in Art. Turn we to metal more attractive, No. 3, *The Penitent*, C. Landseer, R.A., elect, carefully painted; the arms mean in character, and small in proportion to the head. No. 32, *Nora Creina*, W. P. Frith, A.R.A., is happily designed, and harmoniously coloured, with a tenderness of execution in the flesh the hardness of the engraving had not prepared us for. No. 411, *A Sleeping Girl*, by the same artist, is a fitting pendant for the last picture, and, perhaps, exceeds it in beauty. No. 186, *A Pleasant Dream*, T. Brooks; this artist seems to have filled his pencil from Mr. Frith's palette, and to have viewed nature with much similarity of perception: let him beware of sinking to an imitator. No. 228, *Kate Kearney*, C. Baxter, is another very cleverly painted head that reminds us, without being an imitation, of some by Mr. O'Neill. No. 288, *A Venetian Standard Bearer*, W. Fisk, a well painted head of an African, in the costume of the middle ages. No. 293, *A Roadside Sketch*, T. Rothwell, another of Mr. Rothwell's representations of happy childhood. No. 308, *Invitation, Hesitation and Persuasion*, N. J. Crowley, R.H.A., three clever half-lengths of an old lady and her daughter, well painted individually, but the effort at contrast in composition is too apparent for gracefulness of combination as a group.

The Landscapes are, as usual, too numerous to allow of mentioning all those possessing a fair average of merit; we shall, therefore, confine our notice to the most remarkable: high among these is No. 191, *A Frost Piece, Evening*, C. Branwhite,—a name we have not before seen in the catalogue. This picture is replete with varied excellence, both as to originality in selection, and masterly excellence of execution; the warm rays of the setting sun, reflected from the water where the ice is broken, the ice, so transparent, that its surface is but a glaze, through which each particle of solidity reflects itself, the richly clothed firs, mingling with and sustaining the denuded branches round them, with the artistic skill in handling, that never sacrifices the whole to any of its parts, makes this picture promise additional elevation to the already acknowledged eminence of the English school of landscape-painting. This artist's power is surely not confined to frost-pieces, although he has, in this picture, challenged successful comparison with any thing we have before seen in that department of Art. No. 139, *A Spring Wood-Scene*, J. Linnell, a very felicitous production, warm, true, and thoroughly English; altogether, an excellent specimen of Mr. Linnell's style, in which much detail is presented, without sacrifice of richness in effect or completeness as a whole. No. 46, *The Tempest of Shakspeare*, from Miranda's description, F. Danby, A.R.A. This picture fails to suggest its subject. It wants form as a composition, and is too literal to be poetic. Perhaps the subject is impossible to paint. What should be the leading features are confused among the broken wood of the wrecked ship, and the personages with whom the interest must be inseparable, when found, do not repay the seeking. No. 457, *The Grave of the excommunicated*, by the same artist, claims a much higher rank as a picture, and is,



in itself, a poem. Mr. Creswick, A.R.A., has four specimens. No. 13, *The Weald of Kent*, is, we suppose, a portrait, and rather to be judged with reference to resemblance, than success in picturesque effect. No. 72, *A Welsh Stream*, is, to us an unpleasing repetition of angular forms, rather illustrative of the theory of the earth's formation than a choice selection for a picture. No. 328, *Lake Scenery*, consists of six sketches in a frame with partitions, showing variety of character in landscape: and 369, *The skirts of the Forest*. In none of these is Mr. Creswick to be seen advantageously as an artist. No. 297, *Drover's halt, Island of Mull in the distance*, R. Ansdell. Again a new name to a very clever picture. Figures and cattle remarkably well drawn, full of character, and artistically grouped. Perspective full of air, and general truth of keeping. We know no other landscape artist that can draw figures like these. No. 161, *Sheep Washing*, H. J. Bodington. A cleverly composed picture with graceful arrangement of foliage. There are two others by this artist of which 431, *Pebbly Brook in the leafy month of June*, has left a pleasant recollection. No. 89, *Dutch Fishing Craft, off Fort hills, mouth of the Scheldt*, E. W. Cook, takes the lead among the marine pieces; possessing a calmness and repose most comforting to the eye in an exhibition. Mr. Jutsum has four unassuming pictures, all good. Copley Fielding, six; not so unassuming, and not so good as his water colour specimens.

G. Lance is rich in fruit, flowers, and gorgeous in still life. G. F. Herring has an excellent interior of a stable with horses, No. 235; and C. Josi, and Alfred Corbould rival each other as dog fanciers. The latter gentleman has succeeded so well in painting a half picked bone as to make it beat the dog hollow.

We have not noticed two pictures, No. 123, *Savilla Carolina*, S. Gambardella, and No. 415, *Sacontalla*, S. W. Desanges, to either of which it would be idle to refuse the character of pictures only to be painted after years of artistic education, and of evincing a certain amount of success in the execution of what has been attempted. Many young artists, and most amateurs, will at once condemn them both as mannered, without asking themselves the question, whether another manner, possibly still more mannered, diffused in the works surrounding them, has not exaggerated their peculiarities beyond the difference truly existing between themselves and that simple grandeur to which all schools should look for purity of model. For ourselves, we do not feel competent to give an entirely unbiassed opinion on the subject, having been frequently disgusted with the wholesale condemnation bestowed by foreign amateurs on an English exhibition. We cannot wonder that uneducated perceptions, used to the mannerism of these pictures, should mistake that mannerism for excellence, and thus be blind to any quality presented in an English dress. Without disputing as to manner, we may be justified in objecting to the blue satin in No. 123, as, although well executed, being decidedly injurious to the general effect of the picture. The *Sacontalla* has some good painting: as in the effects of light on the right shoulder, and is, occasionally, well drawn, except the legs, which are wooden from want of detail. We are tempted to say more, but we resist.

H. C. M.

**INFLUENCE OF APPLAUSE ON AN ACTOR.**—Some one remarked to Mrs. Siddons:—"The cheers of an audience give one heart." "Aye," said she, "and they do what's still better: they give one breath."

## THE OPERA OF "DON QUIXOTE."

THE LIBRETTO BY G. MACFARREN. MUSIC BY G. A. MACFARREN.

THIS opera, the last new production at Drury Lane Theatre, owes its existence to the joint exertions of father and son—the former for the libretto, the latter for the music—and may be considered a fair sample of what, in the language of the daily Press, has obtained the cognomen of Young England. What this Young Englandism aims at seems difficult to discover; as far as its own opinion is concerned, a sort of deference to the ancient writers, and a confirmed contempt for all the modern school, except itself, is what seems to form its guide: yet, strange to say, this, its own self-version, so far from being original, is only a bastard attempt to imitate the German school; a compound of mirth and melancholy, mysticism and madness, the two last being its most predominant characteristics. It is not our intention, however, to discuss the school, our business is with the opera itself. Mr. Macfarren is known as the author of the "Devil's Opera," which was produced at what is now called the Lyceum, with but tolerable success: he has also attempted a symphony, which after two trials (we believe) was unconditionally damned. The present specimen of his writing is much on a par with its predecessor—taken as a whole without originality—but written very learnedly: its great boast, *learnedly*. A poet who should write learnedly hardly could expect readers—at least, we would not wish to be among them—and by parity of reasoning, a musician who writes learnedly will not find an audience—at all events, we would if left to ourselves most certainly take leave of absence: and as learning is all that Mr. Macfarren can boast of, let those who like it regale themselves with it: at best, it must be insipid, and would have the same effect on us, if we were asked to supper and had raised up ærial visions of chicken, champagne, and all that sort of thing, to find a miserable substitute in soda water and a sandwich; although no doubt, the last is better for the health.

The story of the opera, which is an episode in the history of Don Quixote, may be thus briefly told. Quiteria (Miss Rainforth), is in love with Basilius the poor, (Mr. Allen), but her Father Rovedos (Mr. Horncastle), insists on her marrying Camacho the rich, (Mr. King); Basilius and Quiteria plan a runaway match, which is prevented, and the marriage with Camacho is about to take place, when Basilius comes in and pretends to stab himself; whilst apparently in the last dying moments, he requests that his vows to Quiteria may be fulfilled by a marriage with her before he dies; this is agreed to, and when this has been performed he starts up and proclaims that he has cheated them, he having only feigned to stab himself; and at length all ends well. Don Quixote, (Mr. Weiss), and Sancho Panza, (Mr. Stretton), take part in most of the incidents, the former more as Marplot until the last scene, when through his interference all is made to end happily.

Of the Libretto much cannot be said in its favour, the verification is very indifferent; indeed, in many parts very bad, and it appears not well adapted for music, as the accent is very frequently wrongly placed. We will give a few specimens of the poetry:

"Oh! gentle god of joy,  
Dispel this dark annoy!"

We presume the author thought this would do, taking for granted what Byron says that:

"Sometimes  
Kings are not more imperative than rhymes."

The following is put into Don Quixote's mouth; when asked who he is? he answers:

"The friend of the oppressed, whose vow  
To fight and die for honour's boon,  
Is registered beyond the moon."

"Beyond the moon" must certainly, be a very long way off, and, consequently, very inconvenient as a registry-office; but the rhyme was "imperative," it must be presumed: the following, too, in a ballad, sung by Allen, is somewhat incomprehensible:

"When, like two buds together twined,  
In mutual strength we grew,  
Exchanged the odours of the mind,  
And caught each other's hue."

Exchanging mental odours, and catching hues, are, certainly, novel ideas, and could only happen, we should think, when the lady blushes very deeply, in short, like a full-blown peony: this partakes of the essence of nonsense. One more extract, and we leave the libretto to its fate, the following lines in an air of Don Quixote's—

"Maid of Toboso, peerless Dulcinea!  
Whose charms exceed the poet's bright idea!"—

are very much of kin with the metrical vagaries in "Bombastes Furioso:" we think we trace in this some recollection of those famous lines descriptive of the great general:—we quote from memory—

"General Bombastes, whose resistless force  
Alone exceeds, by far, a brewer's horse."

This last line is quite equal, in every way, to the "Poet's bright idea," of which we wish the poet "all joy, without annoy."

The music may be described in a few words; it is not original; there is not one idea that is not borrowed. The overture is principally occupied with a Weberish motive; this is pretty enough—but the rest is very poor, a mere artistic combination of chords. The airs throughout have no very distinctive character, some are no doubt pleasing, but the music from being an imitation of many masters conveys no very definite idea: in one place a passage is introduced, evidently a plagiarism, used with much effect in the original author, but here *apropos* to nothing; in another, a part of an air is taken and worked out, but with no uniformity of design—and yet some of the airs are pleasing and may become popular; of these we may select: "Calm those frowning looks, my Father," sung by Miss Rainforth, and "Ah, why do we love?" by Mr. Allen. The last we recollect to have heard some years ago, it having been published separately we believe; this gives some clue as to the date of the writing of the opera, so that we must presume it has had all the serious after-consideration of the author, and yet is turned out a patchwork: the song "Life is an April day," is pretty, but evidently of the modern Italian school, and which Mr. Macfarren, although he may attempt to despise, yet he must do a great deal more than he has ever yet done before he can in any way come up to. The music given to Don Quixote is of the Handelian school, and was made of that character according to Mr. Macfarren's notion to suit the antiquated taste of the Don: in other words, that music of the date of about a hundred years ago, or little more, is put into the mouth of a character whose ideas are constantly turned to events some centuries older—a very great absurdity we humbly conceive, and showing very little judgment or reflection in the writer. Let us conceive a poet of these days using, or rather attempting to use, the language of Chaucer, because the story belonged to that age—and the absurdity would be apparent; and yet Mr. Macfarren's gratuitous absurdity is achieved only through a gross anachronism, by which nothing is gained; a vast amount of trouble taken for very little purpose. There is also a lack of judgment in making Mr. Allen give a most unpleasant imitation of a woman's voice in the air, "Alas! a thousand secret woes;" it answers no purpose whatever, and would have been much better for Miss Rainforth to sing, who retires on purpose for this absurd

display without any reason, for she re-appears immediately after: the last dying scene is lengthened out most unnecessarily, and for the effect most unmeaningly, and whatever prettiness there may be in the music is a palpable imitation of the modern Italian school. On the whole the opera is a jumble of Weber, Beethoven, Handel, and the modern Italians, of which we give Mr. Macfarren all the credit he deserves for stringing together.

The singers did but little for the music. Miss Rainforth is sadly deficient in power and energy. Mr. Allen has such an unpleasant brogue that it mars what expression he might otherwise infuse into the music. Mr. Weiss is a little improved, but ought to go to school, for two years at least, to gain command over his voice, without which the fine tone will never be of any avail. Mr. Stretton gives his own version of Sancho Panza, without any reference to the character: as usual, in every thing he undertakes he over-does it, and what voice he may have had is now, we fear, irrecoverably gone: so that, taken as a lot, the singers did but very little for the success of the opera. If this is the best company that can be obtained, the English Opera will have but sorry hope of establishing for itself, permanently, a national character; the great defect is want of education and want of study; we will venture to say that, perhaps, with the exception of Miss Rainforth, whose execution is always good, not one of the others ever condescends to sing a scale; the state of their voices proves this, and the consequence is the miserable mediocrity with which they seem to rest contented.

C. J.

## PICTORIAL CHURCH DECORATIONS.

To the Editor of the *Connoisseur*.

SIR,—It will be my endeavour in this short paper to prove the propriety of admitting pictures of Scripture subjects as a portion of church decoration.

My attention was particularly directed to this subject by hearing, from a friend, that a picture by Cope, which he had painted for a church in Leeds, has either been removed or covered from public view, this having been done to gratify the wishes of the congregation of that church: I regret that such circumstances should happen in our days, and that Art should thus be despoiled of one of its best and most extensive sources of patronage: the division which has, and is at present, so violently affecting the church is the unfortunate cause of such proceedings, for, while the high-church party wish to carry decoration to an extravagant extent, the other advocates a meagre and quaker-like plainness. I cannot, myself, see the sinfulness of decorating the house of God, for to me it seems a feeling of our nature to show affection and regard in attending to the appearance of places used for such sacred purposes, more especially when, in preparing palaces for our kings, we lavish riches and talent.

In rearing a house in honour and for the worship of God, ought it not to behove us to make the greatest efforts of our genius? and, even then, how paltry and insignificant they appear for the all-important purpose! and may we not exclaim with Solomon, after gathering together the hewers of wood from Sidon, and the cunning workers in stone, and brass, and silver, and gold, and ivory, on the completion of the temple: "And will God indeed dwell on the earth? Behold! the Heaven and Heaven of Heavens cannot contain thee, how much less this house that I have builded?" Let us consider whether beauty or deformity is most likely to create devotional feeling; would not the plainness of a dissenter's chapel be more liable to offend, and create improper feeling, than the interior of a beautifully-proportioned Gothic church? We have in the mere, plain building, certainly nothing to assist the mind by association: better be on a moor, for there would be the sky, the wild flowers, the wide expanse of distance, and the freshening breeze; or in a wood, where rustling trees and singing



birds join with us in our praise; or on a mountain's side, surrounded by the awful vastness of nature: the presence of such accompaniments would not make our religious feeling any less, on the contrary, it would most likely tend to increase it; if such is the case with regard to objects in nature, why despise human genius, the most wonderful work of our creator? Why neglect the efforts of great musicians, or great painters, and consider that, by means of their arts, they cannot assist in properly impressing the mind when actuated by right intentions? The preacher's sermon is an oral delineation of various portions of Scripture; the painter's a pictorial corroboration of the sermon, sometimes equally good, more lasting, and plainer to the generality of mankind.

At the reformation, when the great and successful attempt was made to effect a change in the Catholic church, it was necessary to make a marked distinction; more perhaps than agreed to, by the wishes of the principal agents in those events. The minds of the people had been associated with certain effigies of saints and so forth, as objects to kneel to when worshipping, and in simplicity sometimes to adore. This, added to the great ignorance of the mass of the people, made it politic to remove all traces of the "scarlett ladie;" not only as regards shrines and painted windows, but likewise the forms and discipline of the old church.

The admission of pictures is objected to by some, from a fear that they would be looked upon by many as matters to be worshipped, even at the present day; but, I would ask, how many persons have their minds acted upon in this way, by viewing Hilton's picture in All Souls' church, or among the thousands that yearly visit Westminster Abbey, where are shrines and saints in abundance.

I am no advocate for the introduction of effigies of Saints or any other subject to take back the mind towards the practices of bygone ages, but would have such subjects selected as might be instructive and improving to all persons let their religion be what it may. No one could receive any harm by looking at a fine picture in illustration of the story of the good Samaritan, or of that of Dives and Lazarus, or of the impressive scenes in the history of our Saviour.

It is almost needless to observe how beneficial the general introduction of paintings into churches would be to the progress of Art, for with the demand would come the talent to produce works of a high class, and by placing constantly before the eyes of the people good pictures and other works of art, we would be certain to improve them in an important manner, and the knowledge of those greater beauties would descend and mix with the habits of ordinary life.

It is deeply to be regretted that many of the high church party attempt to carry out certain ideas without due knowledge and in an affected manner; and by the introduction of objects without considering their sense, expose themselves and party to censure and embroilment. On the other hand the low church party by misdirected and violent opposition effect, in many instances, great damage to our churches; and I cannot but feel sorry that while some of this latter party, who would sooner admit the *ancient Nicholas* into their church, than a picture, have no objection to admit the idol of some foolish dead *squire*, or other great man of the parish: or, if living, disfigure the propriety of the holy edifice for his ease or vanity. An old church which I lately visited afforded a remarkable illustration of the present debasement of taste. The church itself had been built during the thirteenth century, the purest period of Gothic architecture. The pillars, arches, and windows were of the most perfect form, but completely spoiled by pews, and other introductions; rich tombs completely hidden by badly painted wood, the ancient font destroyed, and one designed by the clergyman put in its place; the pillars encrusted with monuments done in the taste of the fourth George; and filling entirely one of the arches a sort of throne for the squire, made of mahogany richly gilded, and ornamented with carvings of flowers! On this throne were placed a sofa, chairs, and cushions, on each of which were gaily emblazoned the gentleman's armorial bearings; at the front of this *humble* throne were crimson curtains to hide the squire, if such be his wish, from vulgar gaze.

I will not trouble you with remarks on these things, but rather proceed to picture this church in a more perfect state. Let us

imagine the porch cleared of its present matters; the whitewash taken from the oak roof, and on each side a painting placed, of such kind as would teach humility and good feeling on the part of the rich towards the poor. Above the door might be a text exhorting to good deeds: inside the church, instead of the pews, and squire's throne, let us have seats of corresponding form with the building, and so arranged as to assist the harmony of its general design. Let us in the house of God have no man's place higher than another, for surely here all ought to find a level—let us have restored the old pulpit which was sold a few years since by the churchwardens for £5. Above the altar, where there is a proper space on each side, let us have painted representations of the Crucifixion and Resurrection; from the windows remove the tartan checkers of green and red, and substitute tracery of rich design, and good colour, mixed with texts, the Belief, the Ten Commandments, or some memorial of good men, who have formerly been a benefit to the neighbourhood. Supposing the windows filled with colour, and the carvings of the roof, the capitals and other parts carefully restored, we shall find the spaces between the windows sad spots which greatly injure the general effect. Let us here call in the assistance of the painter, the sculptor, and worker in brass—let us have placed on the tombs, brasses and other relics of the olden time in proper view; and have the organ of such fashion as corresponds with the period of the building; we would then have a place of perfect symmetry and which I fancy would well befit the holy, sacred, and sublime purposes of the edifice: and let us consider if perfection of architecture can be obtained without serious detriment, but progressive to the morals of the people, how desirable in every case it is to obtain such perfection. In after times should the power and greatness of England have passed away, we will in great measure be judged, like ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome, by the nature of the remains. I have no fear, that while education continues to advance, we can again, to any extent, fall into the errors of exploded superstition; or that while the press continues to wield its formidable power we can ever become the besotted tools, instead of the enlightened students, of the priesthood. From those reasons, and from feeling certain of the good that would result to the people generally from church decoration it will always be my endeavour, to the best of my small means, to assist in promoting its perfection, in which good work I entreat the co-operation of all men of talent, taste, and judgment.

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,  
J. B. BROWN.

## ARTISTS AND ART-UNIONS.

To the Editor of the Connoisseur.

"'Tis well to have a giant's strength,  
But tyrannous to use it like a giant."

SIR,—I hope for the credit of the press, you will be able to afford space for the following summary of facts, which curiously exemplify an observation in the *Athenaeum*, on the Art Union Committee: "that if any individual should resist their proposition with firmness, it is not quite clear that he would not be made to form an acquaintance with the familiar of a station-house." I find that it is a matter of notoriety in certain circles, that Mr. George Godwin, the Secretary of the Art-Union, is the Editor of the *Builder*, a paper principally devoted to the practical details of architecture, but which latterly has been making efforts to assume the place with relation to the Fine Arts generally, which has been vacated by the *Art-Union Journal*, in favour of Art in union with manufactures.

On the 3rd of January there appeared in the *Builder* a report of the Institute of the Fine Arts upon competitions, and the best mode of deciding them; and on the 10th, it was announced in the same paper, that the competition cartoons were exhibited before decision for the purpose of obtaining public opinion: and opinions were expressed on some of the works. As a party interested in competitions generally, and in this one among the rest, I addressed a letter to the *Builder* containing some criticism upon two of the cartoons which was incidental to my main object—the advocacy of a "no secrecy" principle as to the judgment. Upon this letter appearing, I was accused of writing another letter in

the *Athenaeum*, which also contained criticisms opposed to those in the *Builder*, and a statement in the latter letter to the effect that the favoured cartoon had been rumoured to be by Mr. Maclise, and had probably, *therefore*, (expressly italicised), received the almost universal approbation of the daily press, was converted into an assertion that "the approbation had been obtained by the nods and becks and wreathed smiles of the Committee." I call upon the Editor to insert the whole passage from the *Athenaeum*, and draw from the perversion of the text and the gross anonymous attack founded upon it, a proof of the necessity of the "no secrecy" principle I had advocated. He prints, if he does not pen, an attack upon that part of my letters, which by-the-bye is full of misapprehension, if not perversion, of my proposal, and contains some fulsome adulation of his manly conduct in inserting criticisms opposed to his own opinions, when it was no more than he had expressly asked for, unless he was like the lady in the ballad:

"O! gie me your counsel, dear tittle,  
I'll gie ye my bonnie black hen,  
Gin ye'll counsel me marry Tam Glen."

And he renders this self-praise doubly ridiculous by appending some observations on my second letter, which he then and there refuses to put in, adopting the gross attack as his own. As he stated that I had complained of a "villainous perversion" of the text of the *Athenaeum*, that will direct all his readers whose opinions can be worthy of concern, to examine the text in question, and his "hardihood" will be evident; but as my letter had reference to the more general subject upon which he admitted if he did not write an attack. I called upon him, (having taken the praise for manly conduct, &c.), to insert it, or I should find some other means less agreeable to him of making the matter public; and then I should add what I have now on incontestible evidence—that the Editor of the *Builder* is Mr. George Godwin, the secretary of the Art-Union, who hung the favoured cartoons in the best places, wrote the puff of the Philippa in the *Builder*, and announced, what none but the artist could have told him, a cock and a bull story of the young bourgeois constrained to humility by his wife!—the voluntary sacrifice of a hen-pecked husband!!! which I had not yet found any one else able to discover; nay, I had been told by many artists that no foundation for such supposed incident is to be found there at all: but I was bound to admit that I did find a bundle of clothes with something like a head at the top of it, near one of the bourgeois which might have been intended to suggest the sublime idea. This summary of facts, and demand, *mutatis mutandis* only, is characterised by Mr. Godwin as "the greatest piece of bullying, lying, insolence, he has ever received," and he proceeds to further personality which is wholly beneath my notice, as I am entirely impervious to personal attacks.

"Let the gall'd jade wince; our withers are unwrung."

But the Committee of the Art Union of London having professed to try a new mode of deciding competitions, I am desirous of having the real state of the case before the public, that this instance may not be drawn into an unfavourable precedent. This body, which is endeavouring to monopolise the supreme control of the Arts and artists of this country, should be watched with the closest attention; and if they would have the artists place the slightest reliance on their professions of desire to encourage the Arts, they should scrupulously avoid every thing that can by possibility excite an idea of unfair play. Caesar's wife must not be suspected. I gave them credit for a wish to have "a work of mind," as asked for; I gave them credit for having fairly invited criticism, and am not only grossly insulted by their secretary, but a deliberate attempt is made to excite the press against me, as they had previously attempted to excite the academy against me, because I had painted a picture on paper, as if artists were to consult them on all their proceedings.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,  
FRANK HOWARD.

**THE RULING PASSION.**—At the first exhibition of Cartoons and Sculpture, in Westminster Hall, a celebrated anatomist was observed to examine long and minutely a figure of "Acteon devoured by his hounds," by R. G. Davies, and when apparently satisfied by what appeared to his view, with professional gravity, and in defiance of the rules, he deliberately folded up the cuff of his coat and placed his hand underneath the figure, as if he were scientifically engaged on a patient in feeling whether a bone or muscle was misplaced, much to the amusement of the bystanders.

## NEW THEATRE, LEICESTER SQUARE.

THE prospectus of terms for building a new theatre in Leicester Square is now before the public. There never was an epoch when a new theatre, of moderate dimensions, promised such an amount of success as a speculation; and we believe the site proposed to be one of the most advantageous in the metropolis. Among the promised peculiarity of accommodation to the public is that of a drawing-room, to be constructed round the dress circle of the boxes, to which improper persons of either sex are not to be admitted. Balzac, the French novelist, has much to say upon the extent of meaning we attach to the word 'improper'—entirely incomprehensible to a Parisian;—and we do not, ourselves, understand what means Mr. Buckstone—or whoever may be the prime mover in this affair—can propose for filtering the very miscellaneous assemblage that compose an audience, by which the 'improper' are to be rejected: this drawing-room is to be decorated by sculpture and works of Art; such objects, if really ornamental, are costly; are they to be purchased? or are these drawing-rooms intended for the exhibition and sale of works of Art; and is the manager to be a dealer in pictures and *roccoco*? We have no objection, but that we would rather read a promise of more efficient ventilation, and abridgement of duration in the intervals between the acts, than any proposal for amusing the not 'improper' portion of the box company by pictures and sculpture, while the pit play-goer was losing his patience. While repeating our conviction that this speculation has every prospect of complete success, we must record our regret that it has not been undertaken by those with whom the promises held out of advantage and support to the British drama would have had more security of fulfilment. There is no hope of advantage to the higher class of acting from this new theatre: it will but add another to the crowd of mediocrity in attempt by which the British Drama has been denationalized, and the London play-goer disamused. The security offered by the prospectus is that "As a favourite performer, unrivalled in a particular class of characters, Mr. Buckstone unites the character of dramatist with that of actor: these qualifications, with his experience in the business of theatres, will be ample security that the expectation of those who look forward to the rescuscitation of the national Drama, by the establishment of this theatre, will be fully realized." Our opinion is that the expectation of those who look forward to Mr. Buckstone's writing and adapting the plays for his own theatre, and acting the principal characters himself, will, if he is really the lessee, be fully realized. A contemporary accompanies the above security with the announcement of its having been already rumoured that Mrs. Fitzwilliam! will form one of the company, that Miss Kate Fitzwilliam!! has been engaged as a leading vocalist, and Mr. Edward Fitzwilliam as composer and orchestral director!!! The theatre has not commenced, or even subscribed for, and the Buckstone and Fitzwilliams are in the field! Now, we have as high an opinion of Mr. Buckstone as most persons; but we would as soon see—no,—we won't say what, it might not be pleasant.

## REVIEW.

"Analysis of Gothic Architecture," by Raphael and Arthur Brandon. London: Pelham Richardson, Cornhill. Oxford: J. H. Parker. Cambridge: P. Stevenson, No. 20.

This is a very useful publication to those who are interested in Gothic architecture, the study of which has of late much occupied public attention. This number contains 5 pages of plates: the subjects are well chosen, and equally well executed.



## MISCELLANEOUS.

**RIGHITTA MERLI.**—This extraordinary musical phenomenon has been lately astonishing the good people of Rome. Righitta Merli is a little girl, six years old, born blind at Lucca; at this age, and in this state, she composes music and plays the piano-forte with a feeling and force surpassing all imagination: she plays the most difficult works of the first masters, having heard them only once or twice: she will shortly go to Paris.—*Milan Paper.*

**TAGLIONI** has been dancing in "La Sylphide," at the Teatro Apollo at Rome, with the success that always attends her; and Fanny Elssler has also been captivating the Venetians at La Fenice, in "Esmeralda," and "Sposa L'Abido."—Signor Lorenzo Salvi.—This celebrated tenor has made the following engagements: the present spring at Madrid; the springs of 1847, 48, 49, at London, being engaged by a society of gentlemen who have also secured the services of Persiani, Adelaide, Mottini, Georgio Ronconi, Ignazio Marini, and Rovere.—*Milan Paper.* (This would confirm the rumour now prevalent, that Covent Garden has been taken for three years for operatic representations.)

**THE ITALIAN OPERA.**—The interior of the house has been completely altered in point of decoration, and beautified—it may be so called—according to the Louis-Quatorze style. The opera selected for the opening is "Nabuco," by Verdi, the scriptural story, however, altered to a mythological one, to suit the English taste, and the name changed from "Nabuco," to "Nino." The new prima donna, Sanchioli, will appear on the first night: report speaks highly of this lady's vocal powers, which those may give credit to who like, for our part, hearing is believing, and we shall not be seduced to utter any such usual preliminary puff: Fornasari, also, takes a part in the opera; but, as if to disarm criticism, he has put forth a plea, that the part is written too high for his voice—*Nous verrons.*—A new ballet which is to be produced will introduce Lucille Grahn, who improved so much upon appearance, last season, as, in our opinion, to be second only to the incomparable Taglioni.

**A SCENE,** hitherto unparalleled as an exhibition among the élite of fashionable life, lately took place at the Theatre Italien, Paris. The most robust of singers not being entirely exempt from the influences of varying temperature—the sudden indisposition of Lablache—had obliged the manager to change, during the day, the performance advertised in the morning, and *La Sonnambula* was substituted for *Le Mariage Ségret*.

By some fatality the Tuesday had been unfortunate from the commencement of the season. Chance had decreed that the performances of that evening should suffer for every casualty of temperature; and, as a great proportion of the boxes and stalls are subscribed for by two or more parties, who have each their allotted evenings, the measure of discontent apportioned to the Tuesday tenants had been already filled to the brim, and this new check was the "drop too much."

Long ere that solemn moment, when the leader of the orchestra gives the signal to begin, confused and threatening murmurs were heard throughout the theatre. We except the pit. The pit was calm and dignified, for it was mainly composed of spectators invited by the announcement of *La Sonnambula*. The symptoms precursive of the coming storm were confined to the subscribed-for places. The balcony first assumed a hostile appearance; the

private boxes growled defiance; and the galleries showed a front of battle menacing most mischievous intentions.

At eight o'clock, on the orchestra vibrating the commencing chord of *La Sonnambula*, cries for *Le Mariage Ségret* proceeded simultaneously from all quarters. The instrumental portion of the charivari ceased at once, and the voices again hushed themselves to the piano of the preceding murmurs; but on the orchestra again timidly attempting to commence its operations, it was again interrupted with increase of fury. The curtain was now drawn up, and an individual attempted to address the audience, but, after a series of the most eloquent gestures, he was also compelled to silence. "Let M. Vatel come forward himself," was the demand of the turbulent; but M. Vatel was not in the theatre. The cries, the screams, and the vociferations, were now increased to an intensity that the arena and the quality of the rioters combined to render most extraordinary. Beautiful ladies, elegantly dressed, stood up in their places, and, waving their feathers and laced kerchiefs, encouraged and sustained the rebellion with all the influence of their charms. Furious cries issued from the most beautiful little mouths: fresh, rosy lips were elongated to form that ungracefulness of feature that produces the hiss. *Les merveilleuses* struck their little fists on the velvet cushions of their boxes with unseemly violence, and the small *lionnes* roared as gruffly as their slender organs would permit. Never before was what is entitled first-rate society seen, collectively, in such *dishabille*. As if voice alone were insufficient to repulse attempts at conciliation, and impose silence on *La Sonnambula*, a shower of projectiles were flung upon the stage.

"Are we at the *Theatre Italien*, or *Les Folies Dramatiques*?" said one who had taken no part in the tumult. "This is different," replied a spectator, "at *Les Folies Dramatiques* they throw apples, while here they throw oranges." Such, in fact, was all the difference: at the Boulevard du Temple, apples; oranges at the *Italiens*. Each its fruit: but the manner of using it absolutely the same in both, and with the same accompaniment.

M. Vatel, still absent, was called for; Madame Persiani appeared as ambassadress, and advanced to address the belligerents: There were some hopes that she might be received with favour; that there would be curiosity to hear a voice speak that could sing so sweetly; but such was the exasperation of the moment that Madame Persiani was rudely repulsed, and was near receiving one of the productions of Portugal that had not been addressed to her. In the mean time, the tumult increased: no longer satisfied with throwing oranges, the shade of difference that distinguished the *Italiens* from the *Boulevards* was fast obliterating; chairs were being broken in pieces, and cases of opera-glasses thrown upon the stage with considerable effect.

The commissioner of police, all the time in the stage-box, found himself in no trifling embarrassment: it was by no means convenient to make use of the ordinary usages for repressing riot: he could not well conduct Countesses, Marchionesses and Duchesses to the watch-house, but there he was; he must interfere somehow, and there is a report that has not been contradicted, that his advice was as follows: "There is a very simple way of ending the tumult: the public wish to have '*Le Mariage Ségret*,' and M. Lablache is absent:—very well!—let somebody read the part of Lablache." Up to this time, we have nothing to equal this advice of the prefect, but the anecdote of a provincial manager, who, on some revolt in his troop, advertised "*La Dame Blanche*," but proposed, that, as the music embarrassed the progress of the action, the songs in the opera be substituted by a lively and interesting prose: this famous manager has been surpassed by M. le Préfet, who hoped

to appease the dilettanti by suppressing the music of Cimarosa, sung by Lablache, for the reading of a lively and interesting prose! M. Vatel, however, did not consent to the expedient, but chose, himself, to face this storm: in this critical moment, the director was somewhat excited; but he had before gained causes presenting more apparent difficulty; though, perhaps, he had never met with a worse dispositioned auditory; having, with difficulty, obtained a hearing, he succeeded in appeasing, as by enchantment, this tempest of feathers, flowers, and oranges, which we hope is never again to recur.

Such is the history of this memorable evening, in which the *élegantes* of fashionable life have exhibited themselves under an entirely new point of view; and have developed means for enforcing attention to their desires, we, until now, had no suspicion their possessing.

THERE is, in the good city of Paris, a prison, whose bars and bolts are devoted to the incarceration of virtue, honesty, and respectability; among whose inhabitants the criminal or the bankrupt debtor would be refused admittance. Artists, bankers, dandys, physicians, lawyers, philosophers, authors, aye, and land-owners, in turn, turn in to quit the busy turmoil of affairs for solitude, contemplation and captivity. There is not a less objectionable society as to morals to be found in any gaol in Europe. It appertains to the National Guard, and is profanely alluded to among the gamins as *l'Hotel des Haricots*.

M. Richard was governor-general to this bastille in little, and appreciated exactly the manner in which so sacred a trust should be fulfilled; softening the rigour of his function by the civility and good taste with which it was accompanied. Full of attention for all his prisoners, he was more particularly careful of those whose names were celebrated for high talent or brilliant reputation. So soon as such a guest had been inscribed on his register, the governor hastened to his cell, and proffered to him every indulgence not especially forbidden by the prison regulations. Authors, painters and sculptors above all others, might congratulate themselves on the advantages they derived from his benevolence; for M. Richard professed a veneration for the Arts and literature, amounting to a devotion the most absolute. But he has ceased to be, and his protégés must count in future upon taking care of themselves.

In the prison we speak of is a dungeon, the decoration of which the possessor of a palace might envy. It is numbered 14. Its furniture once did comprise a table, a bed, and a chair, and its walls, like those of all the other cells at present, were naked whitewash; but one fine day an imprisoned painter, willing to wile away the hours of his durance, drew on this black desert a figure, poetically conceived and happily executed: other painters following in his wake, imitated the example he had set them; the disposition was encouraged by M. Richard, and, whenever the Council of Discipline inflicted imprisonment upon an artist he was located in No. 14, which flourished exceedingly. Its walls were crowded with creations of immortal Art, historical and familiar; delightful landscapes, fantastic allegories, pious images and piquant caricatures; all styles, all schools, and all subjects, there met together and formed a collection, illustrated by the fine talent, and enriched by the autographs of Gavarni, Deveria, Dreux-Dorcy, Descamps, Cécéri, and numerous other first-rate names, who have assisted in decorating this extraordinary monument of used idleness.

As the intelligent director of the museum formed under his auspices, M. Richard only admitted distinguished individuals to No. 14. Its interior was tabooed to the vulgarity of profane intruders; Literature and the Fine Arts alone conferring the pri-

velege of *entrée*. The painter employed himself in its decoration, and the writer and musician dreamed new enjoyment in its solitude and inspirations. The luxuriant occupant occasionally added elegance and comfort to its furniture. It has now an easy chair, a divan, a toilette, and a piano-forte.

M. Richard was in continued correspondence with most of the celebrities of his time; and these, on incurring notice from the council, and receiving a summons to undergo its inflictions, usually wrote to inquire if No. 14 were vacant. The obliging director hastened to reply: "You may come, now: your chamber is unoccupied;" or, "The cell is full at present, but will be at your service by the end of the week. I wait with impatience the honour of receiving you." Thus M. Richard had formed a curious collection of autographs. He possessed, also, a magnificent album, in which his chosen guests took pleasure in recording their gratitude. This tome, for which an opulent collector would pay a large price, contains drawings by the painters before mentioned, and compositions by the most celebrated musicians. Poetry, by Alfred de Musset, and pages of prose by Alexander Dumas, Eugene Sue, and many other distinguished pens.

M. Richard has occasionally solicited contributions from writers who have hitherto escaped his professional superintendence; but, happily for him, the *élite* of letters, and the *palette*, are tainted with a most blameful indifference to their duties as *Garde Nationale*, and the greater portion have at one time or another paid their tribute to the museum or album of this amiable director.

The loss of one who could so far combine enjoyment with captivity, and such cheerfulness within a prison's walls, is sufficiently estimated by those who abominate the office of centinel in a hard frost on going the rounds of duty in a heavy rain. M. Richard died on Friday, December 11, and his mortal remains were escorted, on the following Sunday, to the cemetery of *Mont Parasse*, by a numerous body of real mourners.

WE find from the fifth report of the Commission of Fine Arts, that the baptism of Ethelbert is to be executed in fresco, by William Dyce, A.R.A., with any alteration in detail that may appear to him advisable. (We hope the artist will take ample advantage of this permission.) There are also five other commissions entrusted to John Rogers Herbert, R.A., John West Cope, A.R.A., John Calcott Horsley, Joseph Severn, and John Tenniel, jun. We have no objection to Mr. Herbert,—on the contrary,—we believe him to be far the most capable of his task; but, as he did not exhibit at all, we are still at a loss to know the intention of the competition. There is appended to the commission a sort of dissertation on architectural art, which, as addressed to those sufficiently advanced in study to execute the works required, might form the second volume to a treatise "On teaching your grandmother to suck eggs."

THE privilege of erecting a new theatre has been recorded to M. Alexander Dumas. The site chosen is that of the hotel Foulon, on the Boulevard du Temple, between the Restaurant Deffieux and Le Cirque Olympique. It is to be called Theatre Montpensier, and is expected to open the 1st of April, 1847. The opening piece will be Monte Chaisto, a Drama in sixteen acts. The first eight acts on one evening, and the last eight on the succeeding. Thus the public will be compelled to go two nights following, rather a novelty in the Drama. It is reported by those who have seen the plans and elevations of this theatre, that it will not be exceeded in Paris for size, elegance, and comfort. It is calculated to contain two thousand four hundred persons commodiously seated. All the places, from first to last, will be



numbered, so that they may be taken, or rented. Admission at the highest price, seven francs; to the lowest, twelve sous. The director has been already chosen.

MR. HERBERT, Mr. Webster, and Mr. Mac.Dowall, have been chosen to fill the three vacancies in the Royal Academy. Of Mr. Herbert's capabilities, as an artist, we have a very high opinion; yet are his later works both few and unimportant in comparison with what we had expected from the previous indications of his power. Let us hope his new position will give new impetus to his exertions. Mr. Webster is too well-known as a painter of familiar life to require an apology for his selection; and Mr. Mac.Dowall is a sculptor of some performance and much promise.

THE amateurs of painting, while awaiting the opening of the *Salon de Louvre* are much occupied by the sale of the curious collection of the distinguished artist, M. Dreux-Dorey, rich in pictures of esteemed quality. It is known that M. Dreux-Dorey joins to an originality of talent the art of imitating with exactness the composition, touch, and colour of the most celebrated ancient masters; and that he has frequently deceived the most eminent among the dealers by his forgeries. A well known financier and enthusiastic admirer of the Spanish school, has in his gallery many canvasses covered by M. Dorey, which represent themselves to be by Velasquez and Ribiera. He once consulted the painter on a magnificent Murillo for which he had paid fifteen thousand francs. "You have been overcharged" said the artist, "that Murillo only cost me three days to paint, and I parted with it for five hundred francs to the dealer who sold it to you." Amateurs will find among this collection, not only pictures of the Spanish school, but also copies of Greuze, Watteau, and Lancret, that would deceive the best of them. By side of these piquant imitations may be remarked true originals freely executed in the artist's own manner.

ART-UNION CARTOONS.—The committee have determined on engraving in outline, and distributing to all the subscribers of some ensuing year, nine of the cartoons that were submitted in competition, of course with the assent of the respective artists, who will themselves be invited to make the reduced drawing at the expense of the society. The following is the list:—2. Saxon Alms-giving. 4. Life of Alfred. 8. Queen Elizabeth's visit to Kenilworth. 12. Howard visiting a prison (Armitage). 13. Non Angli sed Angeli (Scharf). 22. Alfred surrounded by his family (Salter). 23. The welcome of the Boy-King, Henry VI. (Corbould). 25. Seizure of Roger Mortimer (Paton); and 27. Spenser reading the Faerie Queene to Raleigh (Claxton).—*Builder*.

EARLY last month Donizetti left Paris for Italy, his mind broken by excess of exertion. Actuated by his restless energy, he has abused the fecundity of his invention, until health has given way under excess of labour, and reason has been crushed by the weight of genius. He was engaged in the composition of four operas, commissioned by Vienna, Madrid, Theatre Italien, at Paris; and that of Drury Lane, in London. His present state, as depriving him of the free use of his will and his thought, has afforded opportunity for moving him to other scenes, an attempt at which, if in possession of his mental powers, he would have resisted. Under the supposition that he was going to Vienna, his physician has conducted him to Nice, and Pisa, where it is hoped that scientific attention, perfect repose, and the influence of a fine climate, aided by his own powerful organization, will again restore the accomplished composer to his friends and admirers.

THE French artists have been employed in preparing their pictures for the forthcoming exhibition at the Louvre, which opens to the public the fifteenth of the present month. Three weeks being necessary for examining the works presented, and placing those which may have been received, the twentieth of February, at midnight, was the last day to which the admittance of these works might be delayed. For the previous month the number presented amounted to no more than two hundred and fifty, while the number expected would approach three thousand. The remainder came altogether, on the evening of the twentieth, and some guess may be made at the confusion of paintings and statues with which the *Place de Louvre* was incumbered. It is expected the Exposition will rank with the most brilliant of former years.

### DRAMATIC SUMMARY.

FRENCH PLAYS, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—M. Laferriere has ceased to be the constellation of this company. The variety of characters of which he is so efficient a representative, has enabled him to obtain a success not often accorded but to those long in possession of notoriety of celebrity, a possession frequently remaining with the artist after the qualities for which it had been obtained had evaporated. The multitude composing the audience of a theatre have individually, in their heart of hearts, so feeble a reliance on their own opinion, that it is only when successive dictums of true criticism have, like pebbles thrown into a lake, succeeded in spreading the impulse over the surface of society, that excellence attains generality in acknowledgment. Acknowledged once, on all future occasions it is assumed; and demonstration of error will not shake a claim on approval that has been once accorded. The reputation of M. Laferriere will, and that at no very remote period, place him in the first rank of his profession. There is a mannerism arising from a frequent shaking of his open hand in the air, that is to us the only unpleasantness in his performance.

M. Felix has succeeded M. Laferriere and we are promised a succession of celebrities that will no doubt ensure to this theatre a continuation of that distinguished patronage the liberality of the management renders it so deserving.

M. Felix of the *Vauville* made his bow to an English audience on Monday last as Robin, in the *Memoirs du Diable*, a character he has played in Paris for three hundred nights. The versatility necessary for this performance evinces a generality of capacity that promises much and varied gratification to the play-goer during his engagement. His reception was proportionate with his deservings. Yet was it almost divided with our favourite Cartignol's acting of Honest Jean Gautier, the faithful domestic with his eternal but significant *Oui* and *Non*, and his imitated idiocy. M. Felix is a well conditioned good looking personage of the middle age of life.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—The continued attraction to this theatre of the most crowded audiences it has ever contained, by the talent of a single actress, aided to the nightly overflow of the Princess's from the exertions of one almost unsupported actor, is sufficiency of reply to those who would assume the decay of the Drama to be imputable to relaxation of patronage in the aristocracy, from change of habits, or indifference in the public generally, from change of taste. The intensity of excitement produceable on an audience by a first-rate dramatic personation, is so much a quality of humanity, that an absence of the faculty of receiving enjoyment at witnessing such an exhibition is evidence of mal-formation in the individual and nothing

else, and always must be the exception to a general rule. In the character of *Ion* Miss Cushman has added another laurel to her dramatic wreath, and has succeeded in rendering a play, perhaps the most tedious, as an acting drama, that ever occupied the scene, not only supportable but attractive. The author is not responsible for this failure in dramatic fitness: the play not having been composed with the expectation of its being acted. We will, however, assume it was intended to be read—aye, and that some young gentleman or lady might, on an occasion, be supposed to attempt the reading it aloud. We picture to ourselves this annoyance at coming unprepared upon the following lines, containing a succession of unconnected common-place, strung like beads, without one halting-place or pause to breathe; and not one completion of a thought at which a listener could make up his amount of comprehension.

"*Agenor.*— Heaven be with thee, child!

His grateful mention of delights bestow'd  
On that most piteous state of servile childhood  
By liberal words chance dropp'd, hath touch'd a vein  
Of feeling which I deem'd for ever numb'd,  
And, by a gush of household memories breaks  
The icy casing of that thick despair  
Which day by day hath gather'd o'er my heart,  
While basely safe within this column'd circle,  
Uplifted far into the purer air  
And by Apollo's partial love secured,  
I have, in spirit, glided with the plague  
As in foul darkness or in sickliest light  
It wafted death through Argos; and mine ears,  
Listening athirst for any human sound,  
Have caught the dismal cry of confused pain,  
Which to the dizzy height the fitful wind  
Had borne from each sad quarter of the vale  
Where life was."

There is a passage, reader, which we defy any man to say or sing with propriety: eighteen lines, and only one semicolon! It may be replied, that this is a soliloquy; and, as a soliloquy is but thought produced, a man may think without minding his stops: we defy him if he be a reasonable man. The above is not an isolated passage, but a specimen. Amplification is the sin of the poem: what then must be the effect of these long-winded nonentities (as to connection with the plot) in the delivery of the tragic troop now at the Haymarket? Why, they created an impression that *Agenor*, *Cleon*, and *Timocles*, were three twaddling old fools, whose cause for discontent it was impossible to comprehend. There was entire incapacity in the audience to attend continuously to a dialogue, in which the interlocutors were more intent upon inventing poetical imagery, than making themselves understood. Miss Cushman overcame even this, no doubt much aided by more distinctness of intention in the character of *Ion*, and consequent completeness in the thoughts to be expressed. It is also probable, that her exceeding energy was encumbered and kept down by some of those difficulties for declamation we have remarked; if so, they were—so far—advantageous; for, while many passages of *Romeo* were not exceeded in power by any in *Ion*, the points in the latter were far more effective on the sensibilities of the audience; this being attributable to the comparative sobriety of tone with which the mere declamatory portion was executed. The musical finish bestowed by her exquisite distinctness of articulation upon the very many passages of poetic imagery were fit preparation for these occasional bursts of power, and their effect was consequently electric. The love-scenes were tame, and always will be tame while the sisters continue to act together: consecutiveness of tone, from the resemblance of their voices, fatigues the ear; and, without being cognizant of why, the conclusion of the scene is a relief to the listeners. We

are not sure that increased talent in Miss Susan Cushman would not be yet more unpleasant to listen to; her direction of endeavour being in the same line with her sister, added power would be more of similarity, or sameness, or monotony. Some critics blame Miss Cushman for having infused too much reality into her personification of a hero so essentially classic. We had supposed that word, "classic," something in decay, but it is still a wreck to which your servile thinkers cling for a support, in lieu of that buoyancy attainable from knowing the element to which they are for the time committed. An actor's art consists in creating a dramatic interest for the characters he would personify, and this can only be accomplished by showing his hero to have common nature with his audience, and, so, identifying their general interest with his individual acts. That Miss Cushman has but little of resemblance to a Greek statue, it is not necessary for us to inform our readers: that the lines of her features are not in accordance with the antique choice of model is not disputed; but that she possesses features equal to the portrayal of every shade of playful or intense thought, an exceeding truthfulness of conception may suggest, is quite as indisputable. What deficiency in mental dignity can even "classic" criticism point out in her delivery of the passage?—

"We must look within  
For that which makes us slaves;—on sympathies  
Which find no kindred objects in the plain  
Of common life—affections that aspire  
In air too thin—and fancy's dewy film  
Floating for rest; for even such delicate threads,  
Gather'd by fates engrossing hand, supply  
The eternal spindle when she weaves the bond  
Of cable strength in which our nature struggles!"

In the dying scene, when, springing on her feet, she hears that the pestilence has abated:

"Do you not hear?  
Why shout ye not?—ye are strong—think not of me,  
Hearken! the curse my ancestry has spread  
O'er Argos is dispell'd—"

was responded to by the shouts of the audience, in that readiness of instant appreciation that is the test of good acting. In the success of this performance, Miss Cushman may say with *Coriolanus*:

"Alone I did it!"

for although she may have abdicated the juvenile female in favour of her sister, her sister is an incumbrance to which she owes no part of her success. The piece was wretchedly put on the stage,

"The palace where the frantic king  
Yet holds his crimson revel and whence came the roar  
Of desperate mirth—"

had every appearance of a solitude; and the king and his jolly companions seemed to possess the same means of enjoyment as one calculates upon in a station-house, and there was no evidence of truth to the allegation of the discontented rebels. Mr. Hudson chose to represent *Ctesiphon* as speaking through his nose. Mr. Holl warbled, as usual, like nothing else under the sun; and Mr. Brindal was an Argive youth! *Adrastus* was played with more than usual energy by Mr. Stuart; and, while we were convinced he was exerting himself to the utmost, the effect was to make his mannerism in reading more obtrusive. Mr. Stuart never leaves go of one word before he has got hold of the next, which causes an eternity of accompanying drone, fatal to any hope of excellence as a tragic actor. The heavy business of genteel comedy is by him tolerably represented, and that is no small praise for a member of a



company advancing so evidently backwards as that of the Haymarket. In a healthy state of the Drama, Mr. Macready would have played Adrastus.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—Mr. Macready has this month renewed his triumphant career as the remaining representative of Shakspeare's heroes. We have in some preceeding numbers given our impression of the Hamlet, Othello, and Lear, of this gentleman. The only addition it has been found necessary to add to the attraction furnished by those characters, now so frequently before the public, is that of Richelieu. Mr. Macready's performance of the wily cardinal has satisfied us of the truth of our opinion, that the inequalities presenting themselves in his personifications from Shakspeare may be referred to the determination of producing on all occasions originality of conception; and thus, where the best reading has become tradition to substitute another as a new one. However this may be, there is not upon the stage, nor has there been in our period, a more artistic creation than the Richelieu of Mr. Macready; so full of colour, light and shadow, and so perfect in its keeping. Whatever opinions we may entertain of the play of Richelieu as a literary production, we cannot deny that it has made an excellent peg on which to hang the first-rate acting of our time; the negative qualities of the production, allowing the actor to introduce rather what the part permitted than what it suggested, has given Mr. Macready the opportunity of developing resources we know no other play that might have afforded. To point out instances of power would be to extract the whole part, for, as in Art, power may be shown in all varieties of effort, so this performance presented greater varieties of power than any we have witnessed. The getting up of this play was very creditable to the management; and the general acting, although not remarkable for ability, was in no case mischievous or ridiculous in attempt. Mr. Leigh Murray disappoints us; his declamation has got into a rut; it is a repetition of the same tune, in which he rises to a loudness, and then drops his voice at the end of each sentence. We do not say this is always an evil; but it is surely not always justifiable. We are afraid this actor's temperament is insufficient for the full development of his natural advantages.

**ADELPHI THEATRE.**—The play-goer cannot choose but notice a peculiarity of expression in countenances that connects itself with each distinct audience of a London Theatre; and, like the national characteristics in feature, or distinctiveness among the races of mankind, although differing infinitely in each individual specimen, yet give a family likeness to the whole, as if nature herself were, after all, but a mannerist in her productions. Now we have remarked that the Adelphi audience, judged by those high standards from which the true principles of beauty have been derived, is not by any means, collectively, a handsome audience. The most superficial examination will convince us that regularity of feature is not the most prominent of their characteristics. We know that there are vulgar notions abroad, that this much venerated regularity means monotony, and that a great proportion of the lieges have been seduced into the abominable heresy of asserting that a jolly satisfied countenance, susceptible of uproarious merriment, has even pretensions to the agreeable. We have nothing to say to such people: but we recommend to all young ladies and gentlemen, whose features have advantage from repose, and who are impressed with conviction of how much interest and sentiment and mental dignity may be induced by a delicate infusion of wretchedness and genteel melancholy, to avoid the Adelphi Theatre as an institution in antagonism with successful cultivation of such attractions. To those who are not aware of

the species of intention to which this *Templette* has been consecrated, we would whisper that the whole energies of its priesthood are directed to the contraction of the maxillary muscles of those who have been deluded into becoming assistants at its mysteries. The supreme Pontif, Mr. Wright, in his endeavour to obtain such result, will condescend to every possible and impossible exertion until his victims have been compelled in defiance of their own judgment to indulge in various and unseemly contractions of the said muscles, to the entire obliteration of that wretchedness, gentility and melancholy, which they did intend to have persevered in when entering the theatre. The only security we have against the general annihilation of common sense and good breeding, is that the temple is so small as not to hold more than half the number who would witness, and consequently partake in, these ceremonies. Not but that there is also much of pretension to wretchedness and sentiment. There is a very black-guard-looking fellow that commits, or endeavours to commit, one or two murders every night; but this is a delusion, the man is a sober, well-behaved, honest, moralist, that goes to church. Then we have Mrs. Yates, as genteel, melancholy, and sentimental, as any body would wish. But these are only used occasionally, in order to refresh the victims, and enable them to support the maxillary contortions to be re-inflicted by that fellow Wright, as soon as the audience have been made miserable enough to re-undergo the operation. We prefer thus putting the public on its guard to any attempt at description of the new inventions under the titles of "Leoline" and a "Phantom Breakfast," with which he is even more than usually successful in these nefarious endeavours.

**LYCEUM THEATRE.**—The "Cricket on the hearth" goes on as usual, the only difference being, that Miss Turner has been snubbed for making Tilly Slowboy too prominent. She was called for by the audience! This was an indication of popularity that required to be nipped in the bud. An actor is much more secure in being too bad for the audience than too good for the manager, in the present position of the Drama in London: and so Tilly Slowboy has had about half her talk cut out.

**MR. HENRY BETTY**, the young Rocius, jun., has been running through a variety of characters at the Queen's Theatre: we are afraid this gentleman has the irredeemable quality of an actor of doing too much. There is a certain wholeness of conception, establishing identity on one of Shakspeare's heroes, that is destroyed by miscellaneous selection of points. Among the very many soliloquies dispersed in the play of Hamlet, there is great temptation to forget the philosophic moodiness of thought which individualizes that character from all others. Each individual speech is used as a lever to move the audience to applause, without referring to quality as part of a great whole, until they will not be moved by such means. The reply of vulgar minds to any noisy signal of an actor, has little to do with the judgment or impression remaining on the judicious critic at the end of the performance, and it is to that impression an actor must look for permanence of reputation. The tradition of Hamlet has quitted the stage; it requires re-construction entirely. It is now played with too much violence throughout. If one-half the points, that have long ceased to be effective, were reduced to pure, highly finished, thoughtful declamation, the remaining would have increase of consequence.

We have seen at the Pavillion in Whitechapel, another Hamlet by Mr. Shelley, a performance containing much of power, too much—showing great dramatic capability in the actor, and mostly sinning by excess. It is a mischievous fancy in an artist

to develop all of his resource in one part, each point injuring its neighbour by resemblance. With exception of a few peculiarities in treading the stage, as stepping too far and turning out the toes exceedingly, faults easily remedied, Mr. Shelley would be a valuable addition to a theatre. We understand, moreover, he is a man of education and gentlemanly position in society.

THE TRUNK MAKER.

### MUSICAL SUMMARY.

MR. HENRY RUSSELL has been giving concerts at Miss Kelly's theatre, and with great success, if we may judge from the crowded audiences assembled on almost every occasion. It may be difficult to account for Mr. Russell's popularity: he does not possess a fine voice, nor execution; and, for his songs, their charm is in their simplicity: there was but little variety on one occasion; every song was in the same key: with such drawbacks, it seems strange that his concerts should prove so attractive; and, yet, they are so: his choice of subjects is very good; and these, delivered with much pathos and expression, form the principal charm of the performance. Mr. Russell, tells, also, a number of anecdotes of the negroes in America, among whom he resided for some time, and thus became acquainted with their character: these are told with much comic humour and apparent truthfulness to the subject, so that the evenings pass off agreeably enough.

EXETER HALL.—The Oratorio of Sampson has been twice performed here during the last month. We are never much impressed with the performance; the want of precision is too palpable, and the pianos never being observed, render these very coarse attempts to give effect to the music. We question much whether either the leader or conductor is fit for their respective parts: at all events, one thing is certain, that both are not wanted, and the sooner the leader sinks himself into merely first violin, the better for the performance.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—Maritana, the new Opera, and the Bohemian Girl, as a change, has taken up the time here. Mr. Risley and his sons have also assisted in amusing the audience; whose performance is altogether astonishing—the ease and grace with which the different positions are executed must be the result of immense practice, for the very difficult positions are performed with wonderful precision. To these has succeeded the new ballet of the Island Nymph, introducing two new dancers, Mlles. Maria and Niodod: the first is a graceful dancer, light and airy in her movements, and with much artistic execution: the latter displays great pliability of limbs and some power in her motions, but she does not possess any grace of action, and is somewhat heavy in her execution. The ballet itself is a very pleasing spectacle, the scenery very good, and the dances well planned and performed. The male dancer is a good artist, but as we have no predilection for dancing men, our attention is not much directed to the everlasting gyrations which appear to form the principal part of their metier.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.—Hanover Square Rooms. When four individuals propose to attract an audience, after the manner of this family, there may be a presumption that the performance will be rather monotonous—and such this is; but, on the other hand, in spite of the monotony the performance still commands attraction, it is a proof positive that it must be of a superior character: of this, then, there can be no question. We do not remember

to have heard so rich a harmony of voices; and the taste and feeling displayed, particularly in the piano passage, fulfils the heart's desire. When will our countrymen learn to blend their voices together without one predominating over the other?—every one wishes to hear his own sweet sounds alone, and seem to care nothing for the effect; and thus it is these Americans, who study to produce the most perfect combination, approach perfection; while our musicians, with a greater amount of science, never reach beyond mediocrity in this style of music. The party consists of three brothers and their sister.

### MONTHLY OBITUARY.

Died on Feb. 18th, at his house, Adelphi Terrace, London, Mr. Hawes; for many years master of the singing boys at the Chapel Royal, and St. Paul's. He was the composer of several popular glees, songs, madrigals, &c.

On Friday, Feb. 13th, died at his house, Albany Street, Regent's Park; Mr. Loder, a native of Bath who had been director of most of the public and private performances there, and for many years led the band of the Bath Theatre. He was a member of the Philharmonic Concerts London, and also of the Ancient Concerts, to the leadership of which he succeeded on the retirement of François Cramer. He was 68 years old, and has left a wife and family.

### DIARY FOR MARCH.

EXHIBITIONS, CONCERTS, ETC.

- 3rd. The Italian Opera will probably open.
  - 4th. Philharmonic trial,—Hanover Square Rooms.
  - 5th. Mr. Lucas's fourth Musical Evening.
  - 6th. Hutchinson Family,—Hanover Square Rooms.
  - 9th. Ancient Concert rehearsal,—Hanover Square Rooms.
  - 11th. First Ancient Concert.
  - 14th. Philharmonic rehearsal.
  - 16th. First Philharmonic Concert.
  - 18th. Miss Farmer's Evening Concert,—Hanover Square Rooms.
  - 21st. Royal Academy of Music, First Concert (morning),—Hanover Square Rooms.
  - 23rd. Ancient Concert rehearsal.
  - 25th. Second Ancient Concert.
  - 28th. Philharmonic rehearsal.
  - 30th. Second Philharmonic Concert.
  - British Institution, Pall Mall, open every day from 10 till 4.
  - Ethiopian Serenaders, St. James's Theatre, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings.
  - Panorama of Athens, Nankin, and Rouen,—Leicester Square.
- [It being our intention to continue this Diary, communications are requested with the view of making it complete.]

Our Illustration of this month is a Portrait of Titian from a Painting by himself, and drawn on stone by Mr. H. C. Maguire.

### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

RECEIVED.

Ballad—"Lovely is the May-day morn." Written and composed by S. J. Oxley.

"On Sound in relation to Music," R. Bedingfield.

WORKS FOR REVIEW.

Life and works of Sir J. Reynolds, Henry G. Behn, York Street, Covent Garden.

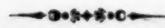
The Illuminated Pilgrim's Progress, Part I. Mackenzie, White & Co., Glasgow.

N. B.—All Contributions not accepted, are left at the Office of THE CONNOISSEUR, as the Editor cannot undertake to return them by post, mistakes having in consequence already occurred.



THEY TELL ME OF HIS HUMBLE LOT.

BALLAD.



Words by A.M.E.

Music by Miss Hawkes..

VOICE.

PIANO

FORTE.

They tell me of his hum.....ble lot, And with a laugh of

scorn They jeer me with his low...ly race And

hint he's mean.....ly born They will not see his

lof.....ty brow, And read his line - age there While



I but mark his man...ly face His smile and no - ble air.

Oh tempt me not with rank or wealth Nor boast of gol.....den

store He gives me all, he has to give Nor

do I seek for more His heart his love his

life are mine I wish for nought be.....side But

let me live his .....dol here And let me die his bride.





